Through Judy's Eyes

E. ELIZABETH VICKLAND

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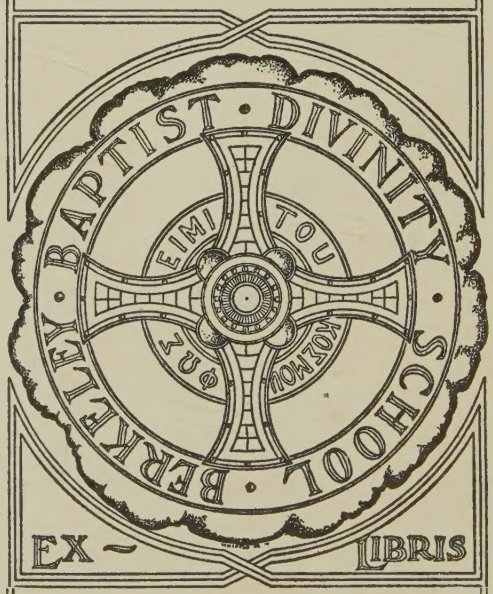

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THROUGH JUDY'S EYES

Judy Finds a Friend in Singapore

THROUGH JUDY'S EYES

A WORLD WIDE GUILD
MISSIONARY IN ASSAM

By

E. ELIZABETH VICKLAND

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To the Thousands of Worth While Girls
of
The World Wide Guild
who by their enthusiasm, love, consecration, and devotion are extending an influence that is inspiring, and enlisting even the girls of far-away Assam into the glad service of King Jesus,
This Book
is dedicated with love and appreciation
by its author
who has the privilege of being a
World Wide Guild Missionary

41672

INTRODUCTION

THE writer of these charming stories has been for several years a great inspiration to World Wide Guild girls, first through her letters from India, and more recently through her personality and social contacts. Before she left for Assam, she acted on the suggestion of a friend and began writing these stories for the World Wide Guild. It is her hope that through this introduction to her Worth While Girls in Assam we may grow to love them as she has done.

Her appreciation of the ever-recurring beauty and wonder of nature is evident in her descriptions of the sea, in her "Letters En Route," and of the mountains and woodlands in Assam. Even the jungle seen through Judy's eyes takes on surprising charm. Her broad reading and innate culture are manifest in varied allusions and quotations which enrich the pages of the book. Her humor is ever present, and one sees the twinkle of her eyes as she recounts the experiences in "The Funny Side of Life."

She has covered various phases of missionary work, giving an accurate background of the na-

tive life and customs. It is a true picture of the life of a group of young women missionaries, alert, wide-awake girls who have gone at the King's bidding in quest of His hidden treasures. They have followed the gleam, obedient to that voice that rang

> Unutterable changes
> On one everlasting whisper
> Day and night repeated—so:
> "Something hidden. Go and find it.
> Go and look behind the ranges.
> Something lost behind the ranges,
> Lost and waiting for you. Go."

The touching stories of Aiti, Kodumi, and Old Daddy's Gift, tell us how she found these lost treasures behind the ranges of superstition and ignorance. They are true stories vividly told, and they reflect the loyal consecrated spirit of one who finds her supreme joy in the service of the King.

We are honored in having this book dedicated to the World Wide Guild, and appreciate this valuable contribution to our knowledge. It is a pleasure to become acquainted with these interesting girls in Assam.

ALMA J. NOBLE.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The following pages represent the impression and experience of an American girl who went to Assam, Northeastern India, as a missionary. They were written during her first term, when impressions were unbiased. Each chapter grew immediately out of an experience. The author had in mind that wonderful host of Baptist girls, the W. W. G., whom she represents, and wrote as a girl would write to her friends. She hopes that the little volume may serve a wide purpose, in introducing in a more intimate way the Assam mission, in proving the worth-whileness of the folks who live in the Brahmaputra valley and the Assam hills, in showing how the missionary works, in encouraging those who have invested in the work by showing proofs of the way Jesus Christ is working, transforming lives and communities as he is introduced by the Christian missionary. She desires to make a human appeal, to endear the people to the hearts of the W. W. G. girls and others.

For help, advice and criticism, thanks are due friends too numerous to name. The author

wishes especially to acknowledge the help given by her fellow missionaries, and particularly Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Witter, of Gauhati, and Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Longwell, of Impur, for reading and criticizing the manuscripts. Thanks is also due many Indian friends who contributed to the materials out of which the book grew.

E. Elizabeth Vickland.

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I

LETTERS EN ROUTE

On Board the Big Ship,
October 17, 1915.

Dear Bunch:

Sailing! Actually on the "shining, blue sea water." Didn't you dream and wonder about it in those "little-kid" days when we read Hiawatha? I did. And now I am really to discover it!

We had two little excitements in Vancouver before we came aboard. One was that the single man in our party was missing. He has turned up now. The other was the explosion of a bomb in the cotton which this old ship was carrying. It set the boat afire, and we were delayed a week in sailing. Fortunately, we were on land when it happened. The boat was late in getting the loading done, the next day was Canadian Thanksgiving Day, offices were closed, and they could not get clearance papers.

We set sail this afternoon about four o'clock. I shall never forget the sinking sensation I felt

all over me when the gang-plank was taken up, the anchor lifted, and the ropes that tied us to America were hauled in. Many of the Vancouver Baptists were on the shore waving us off. They were on board this morning, and we had a sweet prayer service together. As long as we could see anything of the shore we discerned the fluttering handkerchiefs. Yes, I believe I was homesick. I felt so little and lost going over all by my lonesome into a new and untried world. But now, like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, "I have put on the lid and sot on it."

All the morning we watched the Chinamen come on board. Each was stopped by the ship's doctor, who felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and peered into his eyes. A few were sent back, evidently having something contagious. Poor chaps! I felt sorry for them. It was amusing to note the variety of baggage going to China with these folks. I hope they will be able to get the stuff sorted out when they get there. For there are tin basins, bird-cages, shoes, baby carriages, baskets, and bundles of all sizes and shapes, umbrellas, washboards, sewing-machines, and a graphophone. The steerage is an awful

hole in the ship's bow, with the beds piled one on top of the other like bird-cages. The humans are all mixed up with the heterogeneous baggage, all hit and miss. There are five hundred folks down there, thirty of whom are children.

We came on board Friday. It was a great "come-down" after our stay in the hotel in Vancouver. (Though at the hotel many of the missionary appetites began to fail because of the "too-much-ness" of everything. It was interesting to speculate who would be the next to earnestly ask for a poached egg or milk toast.) We were rather disappointed with the steamer at first, though now we are becoming used to it. Until early this morning the great cranes have been working ceaselessly, and now the ship is loaded level with the second deck with lumber, iron, and other war materials. We are very crowded. So many Pacific Mail steamers have been subsidized for war purposes that it is hard to get passage. This boat is supposed to carry only ninety passengers, but on this trip she has taken a hundred and forty-seven besides those in steerage. To accommodate the extra number cabins have been made in the lower part of the stern,

where they used to carry Chinese women traveling second class. Here we live—four, six, and eight deep. There are only four in our cabin. We have some fun deciding who shall dress first in the morning. We have to take turns because the space between berths is so narrow as to accommodate only one at a time. I hope we shall get used to the music of the screw in time. The cooking seems a little flat after Hotel Vancouver. It is "executed" by a Chinese cook. But the sea itself is fascinating, the passengers are lovely, so prospects are good.

We are on Georgian Bay now. The water is like glass. The land scenery is like a picture. They are calling me now to come around and see the sunset.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT.

We are now in the harbor of Victoria. Some of us stayed up to see the lights of the city as we steamed in. It was quite worth seeing. We saw the pilot come and clamber up the side of the boat. Just now the steward told us that the pilot would take any mail we had ready. Outside they are loading cargo and Chinamen. You'll hear from me next from Japan.

JUDY.

At Sea, But Not Lost,
November 3, 1915.

Dear, dear Folks:

Everybody is getting mail ready for Yokohama. We will be there tomorrow. We will be glad to see land again. The weather has been so bad that the boat has lost time. We sing to the tune "Tipperary":

It's a long, long way to Yokohama,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long, long way to Yokohama,
The boat is O so slow.
Cheer up, O my comrades,
Skies will soon be fair,
It's a long, long way to Yokohama,
But we hope to get there!

But I am having a "scrumptious" time for all that. Yes, and some new thrills.

The first thrill came the second day out when we awakened to find ourselves in the midst of a storm at sea. It was a fearful experience! I dressed somehow; and partly by crawling, and partly by holding on to the walls I managed to get up the steep ladders to the main deck. And such a sight as greeted my eyes. The folks were

sitting limply in their chairs, and had the "pea-green-with-a-dash-of-yellow-and-a-streak-of-black" look that the Lady of the Decoration tells about. The waiters—funny, impersonal Chinese—were pestering folks with beef tea which no one wanted. I was all out of breath with my efforts to get on deck and dropped into the nearest chair. Some one gave me an apple, saying it was a good plan to have something on one's stomach in a storm like this. I took one bite. Suddenly I asked the young man sitting next to me—the one who was lost in Vancouver—to help me to the ladies' room. He did so, though I am sure he felt as dizzy as I. I don't know how long I lay there. I felt the only safe course for me was to lie low and still. Towards evening a friend came in and insisted on my going out on deck where a chair had been arranged for me, saying he was sure that the air would brace me up. It was somewhat of a persecution to be made to move, but I found the prescription good. The boat rocked and lurched violently, and we wondered at it considering how heavily she was loaded. The waves overwhelmed the ship, and receding wet the windward decks. It has stormed

most of the way since. We slept on deck that night, and found it so much to be preferred over our stuffy cabins that we have continued sleeping out of doors ever since. It has been bitterly cold—we were in sight of the Aleutian Islands one morning, so you know how far north our route lay—but we have borrowed the extra rugs from the passengers whose cabins are on the upper deck, and have not suffered from the cold. It is a bit bothersome, though, to have to give the sailors right of way at five in the morning so that the decks may be scrubbed. Our only refuge is the dining-room in the bow of the boat. That is quite rocky, and there is no place to continue our naps except the wall seats. Then, too, we are in the way of the waiters setting the table for breakfast. There is also the tiny ladies' room, but that is the only place the extra stewardess has so we have not the heart to rout her out. You see, besides the passengers, the boat is carrying the officers, sailors, and crew that belong to one of the Pacific Mail steamers, now lying in Shanghai harbor waiting for them to bring her home. She was made over into a battle-ship and carried soldiers. Now she has been released

for passenger service again. We have our cabins, of course, but it would take real courage to go down to them. The port-holes have to be kept closed. The double sensation of being whirled and rocked at the same time makes one dizzy just to think about. We were not able to bathe for a week, for the water would not " stay put " in the tubs.

But talking of steamers. You should hear the older missionaries tell of their experiences when they started out. We have talked, too, of what it must have meant in the time of Paul and Judson to take missionary journeys by sea in the crude sailing craft of those times. It glorifies them not a little to think of the heroism of earlier days.

We're having lots of fun. It takes not a little acrobatic skill to take the recommended two-mile walk every day. We have deck space on three sides only, and it is very narrow. We have to turn around and retrace every time we traverse it once. There are so many to walk, and the boat rolls so, that it is hard to keep on one's feet. My sea legs are pretty well developed now. I was ill only that one day, though some scoff and say I wasn't seasick at all. They talk of the worse

time they had. Some have not been seen since they came on board. I have fared beautifully, I think.

I am enjoying the freemasonry of ship life. The passengers are all congenial. Eighty of them are missionaries, and there isn't a freak among them! Now that the sea is smoother, deck sports are popular. We have quite a little talent on board, so have had concerts and stunt nights, college nights and singsongs out on deck. The non-missionaries have been thoughtful! They have done their card-playing in the smoking-room. Last night they had a dance on deck. At the same time the missionaries were having a prayer-meeting in the dining-saloon, a farewell service for those of our number who leave us to-morrow at Yokohama. It has been interesting and profitable to get acquainted with the folks representing so many Boards and so many different kinds of work. We have time for letter-writing, and those of us women who did not know how to tat have been initiated into that art.

We have been interested in the folks down in steerage. They must have been fearfully seasick down there for nothing was seen of them for

days. Now they get out on the lower deck—at least, the men do. At night, peeping through the ventilators, we can see them gambling below. Doctor Lake, of the Southern Baptists, speaks their dialect, which is Cantonese. He has held several services down there. I went down with the rest one day. Dear me, I shall never forget those blank faces. Some of them went right on gambling all the time we were there. The women and kiddies were crowded in the background. I suppose they do not mind being crowded. They have been crowded all their lives.

Tomorrow we reach Japan. Think of it. I only wish the family and the bunch might be here to enjoy it all with me. Good-bye. I am just the happiest girl!

JUDY.

IN PORT, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,
NOVEMBER 4, 1915.

Dear Folks and Friends:

There is such a place as Fairyland, and what's more, I'm there. Really I rub my eyes to make sure it isn't all a dream. We have come through "Picture-book Land" in and out among the

lovely islands of the Inland Sea. The sunsets have been pictures of glory. It has made us cross to think that just now one must have days of ordinary length, that part of the twenty-four hours are dark and must be spent in bed. I have seen my first volcano, not in eruption, of course, but realistic enough with the wreath of gray smoke hanging above it. I hope we shall see Fujiyama. How I wish you could all be spirited here on some magic carpet to enjoy with me these wonderful days.

Japan is particularly attractive just now, being in gala dress in honor of their Emperor's coronation which is to take place this very week in Kioto. The blaze of color in the streets everywhere makes one fairly dizzy. Red and white, being the national colors, predominate, in flags, bunting, and banners. There are great evergreen arches in the streets, gay lanterns suspended from the houses, trees and wires everywhere, and chrysanthemums in great banks, of every conceivable variety and color. Today some of us visited some private gardens, and we never saw such flowers before!

The people, too, are in their gladdest togs,

which means, of course, their brightest. In front of the shops are garlands of rice, with the heads on, intertwined with paper prayers for the long life of the Emperor. These are to propitiate the spirits that are abroad, and make them kind.

After the quarantine officers had thoroughly inspected us and decided that it was safe to let us land, Mrs. G. took possession of me and soon I found myself in a little rickshaw pulled by a tiny man with a yellow face and blue coat, with a huge white Japanese character on his back—his license number, perhaps—and a mushroom-shaped hat. I felt so big and heavy, and thought it a shame to impose on such a little chap. The streets were steep and winding. Soon we were at the gate of a Mrs. Ashmore's home, a friend of Mrs. G.'s. After our call they sent me back in her private rickshaw to the Dearings where I found the rest of our Baptist party debating how best to make use of the time before lunch. Finally we all got into rickshaws and had a seven-mile ride around Yokohama, going out far enough to get a little idea of what the rural part of Japan looks like. Everywhere we met chubby children, who smiled at us, and shouted "O-hi-o," which

is Japanese for "Hello." I went wild over the babies—smiling, fat, yellow bits of humanity in rainbow-colored kimonas toddling about alone, or strapped on the back of another child. I took some pictures of them.

We came back in time for lunch at the Dearing's lovely home and a nice, folksy meal it was. We saw something of the work the Dearings do, met some of the workers, and were much interested in hearing of the opportunities and success of the work there.

After that every one said that we must go to Kanagawa to visit the Mary Colby School there. Mrs. Dearing went with us. After we got off the trolley—for there are some modern things in Yokohama—we all took rickshaws. I wish some one might have snapped a picture of us in procession.

Kanagawa is a pretty suburb of Yokohama. Our school there is a happy, flourishing place. It has sent so many Japanese girls out into efficient service all over Japan that as Baptists we must needs be proud of its record. It was my first glimpse of the schoolgirls of the Orient. They wore skirts, pleated full, over their kimonas. The

government has decreed that such a costume be worn so that girls who are on the way to school may be recognized and unmolested. The girls live in a house just like their own homes, with neat white matting on the floor, paper partitions that slide like doors, and no furniture save the low tables at which they study, and a vase or two. They sit on the floor. I was interested in the bathtub. It was a great barrel, filled almost to the top with water. The girls stand in it when they bathe, the water reaching up to their necks. To get into it they climb the steps up the outside and down on the inside. A tiny girl was practising scales on a baby organ. Everybody seemed so happy, and everything was so orderly. Some girls were playing games out in the yard. We visited the chapel and school buildings. I was impressed with the prayer tower, a little room under the belfry used for communion and meditation. It is seldom without an occupant. When a girl enters she hangs out a card and is undisturbed. It stands for that deep undergirding of life received here, and explains the strength of the graduates as they take their places in the work of the Kingdom in Japan.

Then we had tea, served by charming Japanese maids. We met all the workers, and I was thrilled as I listened to their dreams and plans for the work.

On our way back we stopped at the shops. These are simply fascinating. But one is not quite happy unless one has a long purse. Everything is so tempting, not only to the feminine mind, but to the masculine as well, I noticed, for the men folks were as interestedly hunting "pretties" as we.

When we returned to the Dearings I found a rickshaw waiting to take me back to Mrs. Ashmore's for dinner. Some of the others were to go to the Fishers. I enjoyed the meal immensely —it was so good, and so daintily served. We had a delightful evening with Mrs. Ashmore and her daughter, and then a delightful ride back to the boat through streets lit by hundreds of paper lanterns. Our hands were loaded with gifts and flowers. It has been a marvelous day, I am writing it all down while it is fresh in mind. There'll be so much more to see tomorrow and tell you about. We are to be cut short on our stay all because of that naughty storm.

I am sitting all alone in the big dining-saloon. I have been wondering why a certain sleepy old Chinaman keeps peeking at me, and now it has just dawned on me that he has been trying to give me the hint that it is time I took my honorable person off to bed so he may turn out the lights. And the big clock on the wall seconds the motion.

JUDY.

INLAND SEA AGAIN,
NOVEMBER 8, 1915.

We had a chance to see a little more of Yokohama this morning. Some of the folks are planning to take a trip across Japan by train to join the boat at Moji. Because of the crowds going to the capital city for the coronation space on the trains must be reserved ahead. We did not get in in time to reserve train space today, so the boat delayed its sailing until eleven this morning to give them a place to stay over night. Some of us went ashore again and just walked up and down the streets. The young men of the party bought us girls flowers and Japanese sweets. We spent quite a little money on films. There is so

much one sees out here that is worth snapping. We visited some more flower exhibits and bought the flowered stationery that comes by the yard.

Japan makes us Americans feel so big and awkward. Here everything is small and dainty—the folks, the houses, the shops, the garden plots. In the country the land is cut up into small plots and the various colors of the growing things make the whole look like a great, old-fashioned crazy quilt. Everything is artistic. Even the trees along the country roads are pruned into fantastic shapes. One wonders how they find time to tend so minutely to details. It seems that everything a Jap touches becomes beautiful. He seems to know how to interpret nature's charms with consummate skill.

SUNDAY.

It is "awfully" late, but I do want to write down all the happenings of the day. We reached Kobe about two, and our entire party took rickshaws up to Doctor Thompson's pretty home on the mountainside. I have been glad to see that folks out here can have nice homes. It must mean a great deal. Nature helps so much here

in Japan. She is most prodigal in her gifts to this people. It is small wonder that in the absence of knowledge of the Creator, the lovely natural things, the work of his hands, should be worshiped. After tea three of us wandered about, following the little footpaths along the mountainside. We came suddenly upon a little Shinto shrine, set in a glen, with a musical brook flowing beside it. We felt like intruders, but the old priest, who was making his offering of rice to the spirits of Nature, did not seem to notice us.

It rained in the evening, but we all attended service in the Union Chapel where we heard a splendid sermon by an American minister. After service we returned to the boat for dinner. Some of us felt unsatisfied with the sightseeing in Kobe, so two of us donned our rain things and went out again for a walk, poking into funny little shops, for non-Christian Japan does not keep Sunday. I saw in one of the shops a teapot I wanted. I had only a gold sovereign with me, and my companion had no money at all, that is, no Japanese money. The shopkeepers could not make change, so I was unable to buy it. I quite forgot, myself, that it was Sunday evening.

NOVEMBER 10, 1915.

This morning we went ashore again. Mrs. L., of Assam, and I both wanted a tea-set, so we first went to a big china store on Moti Machi, as their main street is called. Then, as we consulted our watches, we found there wasn't time to visit Mrs. Thompson's kindergarten as we had planned, but as the Glory Kindergarten under the Congregational Board was near we went there instead. It was a charming sight that greeted our eyes as we entered. There was a whole room full of yellow kiddies sitting around tables making Japanese flags by pasting red circles on sheets of white paper. When the piano struck the chord they filed into the big game-room, where we watched them play "Falling Leaves" and "The Clock." They have many games of their own as well as some that their American teachers have taught them. Japan seems to be kind to her children. Even the street urchins impress one with their overflowing good nature.

Now we are sailing again. Our next stop will be Moji, where the boat will coal. Fuji has been

sulky and hidden her head in her cloudy scarf, so we have not seen her.

Our party has diminished as several have disembarked here in Japan. We miss them. I am beginning to dread reaching Shanghai and Hongkong where our happy community of a month will be entirely broken up, and the good old ship will return to Vancouver. We have learned to love her despite her shortcomings.

NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

We had our last glimpse of Japan today. I wish we might have had at least one more day. The folks who went overland by train are back and report a wonderful time. Some of them received complimentary tickets which gave them the right to stand on the front row along the street and watch the royal procession pass by. This was in Kioto. They saw his Imperial Majesty at close hand. They have eaten and slept in Japanese inns, visited temples, and had some amazing adventures. I wish I had gone with them. Perhaps I am a wee mite jealous. But that's horrid of me, for I have had a perfectly splendid time myself.

We saw Moji and Shimonoseki in tears. Some of us went ashore even though it rained. I never saw such mud. The natives paddled around in their queer wooden sandals that keep them out of the mud by the high wooden blocks fastened under them. They wear straw capes, or carry oiled-paper umbrellas, have a serene, contented look as if they were enjoying it all, and look as picturesque as usual. We were after some more of that flowered stationery I told you of, and which you will see when this letter reaches you. Such a time as we had making ourselves understood! Not many foreigners come here. Finally, quite accidentally, we found the post-office, and there a man who understood English sent a boy with us. We went to several shops before we found what we were after. It was cold and disagreeable, so we were glad to take the little tender back to the boat for a hot dinner.

As we were going in to dinner we got a glimpse of the other side of the life of Japanese women. They were doing the coaling, passing the baskets relay fashion from the coal barge below to the bins in the ship. They seemed so tired and miserable. Their faces had no expression save one

of utter submission. Life has a seamy side, too, in this beautiful land, for deep shadows lurk in the background as in every heathen land. Thousands of girls and women are employed in factories under such hard conditions that they know nothing but their machines and their beds. Industrialism is adding to the problems of life here as everywhere. Some attention has already been paid to conditions, and it is hoped that soon effective changes may be made. Some one remarked that there are no young women in Japan—they pass from childhood to married life without the period of glad young ladyhood. The mission schools are doing their bit to prolong and enrich these years of young womanhood. They age rapidly. Yet one of the missionaries said that he thought women were happier in Japan than anywhere else in the Orient.

NOVEMBER 12, 1915.

We are nearing China now. The Yellow Sea is well named. One can almost see where its waters join those of the blue Pacific. In the distance we see the outlines of a rocky shore. It is so warm that we have summer dresses on. Many

of the folks are packing preparatory to leaving the boat tomorrow. It feels like a funeral.

I'll mail this instalment at the first opportunity and begin a new one on China tomorrow.

Yours as much as ever,

JUDY.

ASTOR HOUSE, HONGKONG, CHINA,
NOVEMBER 19, 1915.

Dear Folks:

We are all packed, our worldly goods are down in the lower hall near the lobby, and after tiffin we take the launch out to the " Nellore," the ship that will take us on our way as far as Singapore. Now I will take the opportunity to write you all about my experiences and impressions of this topsy-turvy land. To begin at the beginning brings me logically to speak of Shanghai first.

China is as different from Japan as can be imagined, but it has a fascination all its own. We anchored at Woosung, which is the harbor of Shanghai, about noon. Dr. Julia Wood and a friend had come down from the Margaret Williamson Hospital to see me. We had hoped for a whole day in Shanghai, but the quarantine and

customs' officers stole a great deal of our time, fussing over the yellow folks down in the steerage. It was three o'clock before we were allowed to board the little tender drawn alongside to take us to Shanghai. The trip took about two hours. Here in the harbor, among craft of every description from every place in the world, we discovered the " Stars and Stripes " waving from the mast of a gray man-of-war. We all stood up and sang " America " and " Star Spangled Banner," while the sailor lads waved and saluted. My, but our flag is beautiful!

Doctor Wood took me around the city in a mad rush. I am still breathless when I think of it. I wish I might have been able to stay overnight at the mission compound as she had planned, but it was fine to have even a fleeting glimpse of the city. Shanghai does not look nearly as Oriental as I thought it would. The only Oriental thing about it are the people. I was interested in the big Sikh policemen from India, standing on every corner, with yards and yards of red cloth wound about their heads. We saw, too, the wheelbarrow express, and had to stop once to let a Chinese funeral procession go by.

Here we took leave of the friends whose field lies in West China. It will take them a month by river and overland by chair to reach their various stations. They will not "arrive" any sooner than I do.

We reached Hongkong on Sunday, just four weeks from the day we sailed from Vancouver. Here our happy party broke up entirely. Some of them I shall never see again. The Southern Baptists came up for a while in the evening and we had a farewell singsong. After that I had the blues, and wandering listlessly about came across another fellow passenger sitting in the lobby who also had the blues. He is a civil engineer who is on his way to Manila. On the boat we had had several talks together, so we were quite well acquainted. We decided to go for a walk, and when we stepped out of the hotel the road up the peak looked so inviting that we decided to follow it up to the top and see the effect of the lanterns hanging in rows from verandas and second stories of the houses along the road from above. On both sides are gardens, and the air was heavy with the perfume of Oriental plants. The walk was exhilarating and cured the

blues. On our return we walked over into the native quarter of the city, but there was nothing to see there except sleepy-looking individuals sitting in rows smoking.

Hong Kong is a beautiful city, with great, modern buildings. The sidewalks are roofed over like cloisters. The streets are wide and well kept. Here and there are parks. Overlooking the harbor in one of these parks is a statue of Queen Victoria. Hong Kong is built on an island, and is under British rule. Everything Britain does she does well.

We had to go to police headquarters on arriving to get permission to stay in the city, and now that we are going we have had to get permission to leave. I had my first sedan-chair ride on the first visit. One of my friends wanted to snap my picture, but the coolies said they must have five dollars first. He tried again on the sly, but they were too quick for him, and setting me down with a thud, turned their backs on the photographer.

The stores here are wonderful, but they cater to European trade, making the prices too high for missionary pocketbooks. I did quite a little

A Joy Ride in Hong Kong

shopping in Canton where they are most reasonable—Chinese embroidery, porcelain, laces, and silk. Here I purchased my pith topee and have begun wearing it. It seems very heavy. I do not know what I shall do when I have to wear it all the time.

But my real adventures in China were at Canton. Some of the Southern Baptists invited me to come down for a few days while we waited for the boat. The rest of our Assam party planned to go, too, but were delayed. So I started out all by my lonesome, a four hours' run after one crosses on the ferry at Kow Loon. I was the only white person on the train. I had a compartment all to myself, and it was quite luxurious. One entered it by the corridor at the side. In it were a table, two chairs, and a couch. The upholstering was in black leather. After a while a nice-looking Chinese lad brought in a tray of tea and cakes which I enjoyed.

This is a good way to see China. The land is cut up into small plots as in Japan, but the plots are larger. The people were threshing their rice as I passed, beating the heads over the edge of a barrel, the front of which had been cut lower

than the back. On the hillsides I saw thousands of Chinese tombs. They were built in the hill itself, with a doorway, and in front of each there was a tiny altar for worship of ancestors. There were many jars standing near some of the tombs. I learned that these contain bones of the dead. If a family is too poor to own more than one tomb, the bones are taken out from time to time and sealed in these jars.

Canton is real China. It is China of the narrow streets, crooked with intent, so that the evil spirits may lose their way. It is China of the crowded streets, though the word "crowded" is inadequate to give an idea of the congestion. It is heathen China, with the effects of heathenism too plainly and heart-breakingly evident everywhere. It is China in its natural state, filthy beyond description—I never dreamed human beings could exist under such conditions—and it is China with all its poverty and need. The Canton river is filled with houseboats where thousands live their wretched lives in dirt and need. I was told that thousands are born, live, and die without putting their feet on the earth. I felt sorry for the babies I saw on those boats, unkempt, neg-

lected, hungry. I wondered they did not fall overboard.

I shall never forget our first trip through the city itself. We followed winding streets so narrow that one could touch the walls on both sides by stretching out one's arm. The streets, or lanes, are paved with cobblestones, worn smooth and slippery by the traffic of the centuries. It is exceedingly hard to walk those streets, both because of the unevenness of the pavement, and also because of the danger of slipping on the various kinds of refuse deposited everywhere. On both sides are tiny booths or shops, where everything imaginable is sold—fruit with flies swarming over it, Chinese cookery of the stickiest and smelliest kinds, dishes covered with dust, fish and meat reeking with blood which trickles into little puddles on the pavement. Then there are booths where jewelry, china, silk, embroidery, ivory, sweetmeats, refreshments, idols, stationery, and dear only knows what else, are sold all hit and miss. The smell of incense and sandalwood penetrates through the other smells, from the little shrines in every shop, before which the joss-sticks are kept continually burning. At stated times

during the day business is suspended while the ceremonies at the shrines are attended to. For centuries the Chinese have followed this practise.

The noise of the streets is unspeakable. Everyone just has to make a noise of some kind or he is not "in it." The coolies, carrying great loads on their bare backs, or suspended from the ends of bamboo poles carried over their shoulders, have a grunt all their own, while the sedan-chair coolies have quite another, pitched high, and nasal in tone. I was much amused by the see-saw of exclamations kept up by the coolies who carried me. I learned afterwards that they were really saying something important. The one in front was telling the one in back the way in which to go, and the one in back was shouting to the people to get out of the way. I tried to get coolies who wore coats to carry me, for I hated to see the poles press into their bare flesh. I thought I had succeeded, but just as they were to start, they too took off their jackets, much to the amusement of my friends. Every vendor has a distinctive call, and the rickshaw man quite another. The traffic is awful. The crowds may not outnumber those in New York, but they certainly

press each other more. There are no policemen in evidence to regulate the traffic, and I was scared all the time for fear some one would get trampled to death.

My friends told me that I must have a meal in a Chinese restaurant, too, if I was to "do" the city properly. I did not think that was so bad a suggestion for I remembered with pleasure Chinese meals I had eaten in New York. But when I saw the place where we were to dine I could hardly muster courage to climb up the dingy stairs. The room we entered at the top was positively the dirtiest I have ever seen. The flies were so thick that they actually darkened the atmosphere, and it seemed that it was the rule that anything you did not like you could throw down on the floor anywhere. I did not flinch, for I do dote on being game. I did not eat much, for besides my sudden lack of appetite, there was the difficulty of handling chopsticks. I drew a sigh of relief when they passed the bananas, for here was something clean and something I could get hold of. I did not die from the effects, however. They tell me it is a very up-to-date place. Ah me!

But more awful than the dirt and the poverty is the degrading religious life of the people. We visited the Temple of Horrors. Here were images of gods and men, the gods inflicting punishment on the human beings according to the characteristic sins of each. This was a portrayal of the after life. You would be shocked—and I could not bring myself to write a description of some of those representations. The images were somewhat battered, because during the revolution some of the raiders had been here with their battle-axes.

In the front of the temple was a shrine to Buddha, sitting blissfully ignorant of the wretchedness around him, half hidden by red curtains. Lower, in front of him, were rows of other images, and a great deal of tinsel and many paper flowers were everywhere. On one side, back of a counter, a rough-looking man was selling prayers written on yellow paper. He was talking loudly with several loafing, rascally-looking men. I watched one poor old woman at worship there. She had bought a yellow paper prayer. This she put on the altar in front, with her offerings of fruit, meat, and sweets which she had brought

from home in her basket. Then she lighted three joss-sticks and placed them upright in a brass pot, and while these were burning she stood before the image with clasped hands and upturned face. All this time the men at the prayer counter were smoking, laughing, and talking in the loudest tones. Outside the fortune-tellers were wheedling the crowd to buy a chance and have their future revealed. The lack of reverence made me hot. The temple enclosure was exceedingly dirty. There were great piles of rubbish at the very entrance. Printing is considered sacred, and any bit of it found on the streets is carried to the temple to be burned. Thus the ashes of what the gods gave are given back to them.

Mrs. L. gathered a group of the women who were at the temple about her and told them the gospel story. Several men also joined the group. They listened intently, eyes and mouths wide open, and an expression of extreme incredulity on their faces. Poor things—what hungry hearts they hide behind their inscrutable, placid faces. How can any one say that their religion is good enough for them?

Then we went over to the little Baptist chapel in the midst of the noisy city. A plain, bare little place it was, but beautiful in its peace-giving mission and the thought of how many had found comfort and forgiveness in the knowledge of the world's Saviour here. The native pastor lives in the back, and came out to greet us in a friendly fashion.

We wanted to see some of the famous pagodas, but since the Revolution they have been closed to visitors. The marks of that devastating time are seen everywhere. Poor old China! You are bound with strong fetters. When you try to move they hurt you!

Life on the mission compound is interesting. I was charmed with the little Chinese women who are attending the Bible school there. Some of them have to take other studies too. Their living-rooms are above the classrooms. One day, while I was there, they had a big celebration to welcome the old and the new missionaries who had just come from America. I was all alone in the house for a while. The little women came for plants to decorate with. I could not resist the chubby yellow kiddies that trailed along with

them, and so by petting the babies I won the mothers too. They posed quite naturally for me to take their pictures when they saw me pick up my "Brownie." Evidently they knew a camera when they saw it. Then they motioned me to come along with them, pulling me along and chattering at a great rate. I took them to mean that I was invited to their house. So I went along with them, a laughing Chinese woman holding each arm. All I could do was smile. I wish I might have been able to talk with them. They were very curious about my hair. One of them stood close so the color of our hair could be matched. I don't suppose a Chinese lady ever has auburn hair. They brushed back the fuzz around my face with earnest words and pointed to their own sleek heads, and I understood that they thought I would be much handsomer if I did my hair like theirs. I let them try on my glasses. But as their noses are flat where "Shur-ons" are supposed to stick they had a great time with them, laughing a great deal, and evidently remarking how queer it was that I could make them stay on without bows. Then a kitty appeared on the scene. Wondering if it

could understand English, I called " Kitty, kitty, kitty." The women picked it up and repeated what I had said. Then they taught me the Chinese way to call a cat, but I cannot for the life of me remember it now. They tried to teach me the names of other things, too, but I fear they found me a dunce. Anyway, we could all laugh together. They are warm-hearted and sweet, these little women, and one has only to look into their bright faces to love them.

That afternoon I went to the feast with the others. Everything was as neat as a pin. The Christian women had prepared it. We new folks had a great deal of fun trying to manipulate the chopsticks. The women were very much amused, but unless they caught us laughing first, they tucked their own smiles under the mask of politeness. Finally one dear old woman brought me a spoon. I suppose she thought I wasn't getting anything into my mouth at all, which was true. I did better with the spoon. I cannot say that I like Chinese cookery. They are very fond of meat. I believe there were a dozen meat dishes that day. Besides, there were rice and cakes, tea, sweetmeats, candied fruits, and other com-

bination dishes that I cannot describe because I did not recognize the ingredients. We had a fine time, however. As we were about to leave one of the Chinese women slipped her arms around me, and said something very earnestly, Mrs. L., who overheard, said that the women wanted me to stay with them right here in Canton and not go on to India. How I wish there were a dozen of me. Then one of me would surely stay in China.

Of course I visited all their work. It is well organized. Early one morning I looked out the up-stairs window and saw one of the American girls having a class in gymnastics out on the tennis courts. The buildings form a community, built around a circular plot, in the center of which is the baptistery. In the women's school there are ninety women and their children. In the girls' school nearly three hundred, and the kindergarten is always overflowing with babies. There are thirteen girls in the Normal and High School departments. The theological seminary has an enrolment of one hundred six men. Besides, there is the big printing-plant, owned jointly by the Northern and Southern boards,

and a blind school. Between the schools are the homes of the missionaries with great verandas around them on both floors.

They had such good things to eat, too. After the monotonous sea fare, the brown gravy and real coffee tasted good. They are able to have pretty much the same food as at home, because the Chinese make good cooks.

I returned yesterday morning early, and found that I had missed another Baptist party on the way to Burma. They had stopped in Hong Kong for a day and sailed the day before I returned. We may meet them in Singapore. They have only booked that far.

Last night there was a big ball for the Englishmen who are going to Mesopotamia from here. Their revelry lasted all night. These men are to be our traveling companions on the "Nellore."

They are shouting to me that they are going to leave in a few moments. So all aboard for Singapore. How I wish you were "all aboarding" with me.

I am as much as ever in love with you all.

JUDY.

SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENT,
NOVEMBER 29, 1915.

Dear homeland Friends:

Here I am in sunny Singapore, half a degree from the Equator. That sounds hotter than it really is, however, for this is the cold season. Besides, Singapore is on an island and receives sea breezes on all sides. It is about as warm as a day in July at home.

You seem so far, far away, and the day I left you like an episode of ancient history. I have seen and experienced so much that already I begin to feel as if I had always been on this side of the earth instead of the other. I wonder if that is what people mean when they speak of the lure of the Orient. If it is, I daresay I too shall succumb to its charm.

I am enclosing a little snap of myself taken just as we were taking the tender out to the boat "Nellore." I had tried several times to get one. As we were waiting for the boat to start, some British officers came up on the dock. Behind them was a real affable-looking coolie. So I went ashore and tried by motions to make the

coolie understand that I wanted my picture taken in his rickshaw. Mr. L. was going to snap it. The coolie only grinned. Just then one of the officers saw me and asked if there was anything he could do to help me. I explained that I was only trying to negotiate with the Chinaman to let me have my picture taken in his rickshaw. He said it was his coolie, so that would be all right. Then he spoke to the coolie in Chinese. I mounted to the seat, and the officer took the picture. I hope it will come out clear. I suppose the officer thought, "Only another of those adventuresome American girls." He was very nice and wouldn't let me tip the coolie.

The trip from Hong Kong to Singapore was without any special event. We went through a typhoon in South China Sea that lasted about two days. I was the only one of the party who could enjoy life, but I kept quiet and ate little, busying myself with the new dress I am making out of the silk I purchased in Canton. We were second-class passengers this time. The English police of whom I told you—the ones they were giving a farewell party to at the hotel—were also second-class passengers. They monopolized most of our

space so we were not so free to do as we liked as we were on the other boat. They were hilariously happy despite the dread prospects before them in Mesopotamia. Some of them had fine voices. They spent the evenings singing, American and English ragtime, mostly. On Sunday evenings we had a sacred singsong. There were a few folks who were on the other boat traveling first class. They came over to see us frequently, so we still had a little of the same pleasant fellowship that we had on the other boat. We were not allowed to go to see them, however. The servants and waiters were Malay, in blue uniforms and with red turbans. They were not so picturesque as the Chinese lads on the other boat, and impressed one with their general pessimistic attitude toward life. They were the glummest people I have ever seen.

Just before reaching Singapore, we were stopped by a British man-of-war doing patrol duty. They are looking for the Emden. We were glad that we were floating the Union Jack, though they seemed to be carrying on quite an extended cross-examination judging by the amount of signaling that went on. An officer ex-

plained the signaling to me. Each flag represents a different letter. The man-of-war circled clear around us before we were allowed to go on.

We have been here several days. Passages are hard to get. The entire Burma party also are stranded here. At last we have been able to get passage to Madras on a small British India steamer, the "Tara," which is Hindustani for "Star." We had hoped for a glimpse of Burma. We shall take the trip from Madras to Calcutta by rail.

But we are very pleasantly located here on the Methodist compound. I am staying with the young lady workers. They are very congenial. The compound is on a hill, and is beautiful with great trees and velvety lawns. The Methodists have a splendid work here, and I have been ever so glad to visit it. There is a large Anglo-Chinese school for boys, and one for girls, and another for Eurasian girls. Besides there is the work among the Malays. There is an American Methodist church here, too, with an American minister.

The other night I went down to a party given by the Methodists for the sailor boys on

board the warships. I sang several of my Irish songs.

Singapore has the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan city in the world. One can easily believe it after a walk through its main street after sundown, for one meets people from everywhere, except Esquimaux and American Indians. Every one wears white, and everything is covered with dazzling sunlight in the daytime. There are trolley lines here. Rickshaws are also popular—double-seated ones. The streets are wide and well paved, and there are many fine English buildings here.

The native element is almost as conglomerate as the European. Here are settlements of Chinese, Japanese, Malays, East Indians, Javanese, Singhalese, and Africans. The Chinese are numerous and, as a class, very rich. China is so crowded that she simply must spill over somewhere. I visited in some of the Chinese homes with Miss H., one of the workers here. In one of the homes the father had just died. The funeral ceremonies had not been concluded. As we passed up the stairs to the living-rooms above, we caught a glimpse of one of the sons perform-

ing ancestor worship in front of the coffin. It was a wealthy home. The women understand English and were quite entertaining. Their home is a nondescript one with a strange mixture of Chinese and European furnishing. Miss H. says that almost every one in Singapore understands English, which must be a great advantage.

One afternoon our entire party took an automobile trip around the island. We passed through wonderful groves of coconut and rubber trees, with scattered little native settlements among them. The native Attap house is built on stilts and has a straw roof, reminding one of great, long-legged birds hiding behind tree trunks. As for the people—well, one sees nature unadorned here.

Thanksgiving night we had a splendid gathering of Americans at Oldham Hall. A long table extended almost entirely across the dining-room, and on it was spread a real American Thanksgiving dinner, with turkey and all the " fixin's," and ending up, as proper Thanksgiving dinners should, with pumpkin and mince pies. We had a merry time. After dinner we had toasts, and the evening broke up after we had sung ourselves

hoarse. The old home songs touched responsive chords in all our hearts.

I couldn't forget you all, however, in your celebrations. I am sure you must have felt my spiritual presence hovering around among you.

I am happy in the thought that we are soon to be on our way again, daily making perceptible gain in our journey towards India. You will have another instalment from Calcutta.

With a Chautauqua salute from afar, I am,

Your own

JUDY.

CALCUTTA, INDIA,
DECEMBER 15, 1915.

Dear friends in the far-away homeland:

The little "Tara," for all that she was nothing but a "tub of a boat," brought us safely across the Indian Ocean and into Madras harbor. It was a quiet journey, but there was much of interest all along the way. It was moonlight most of the way, and we used to go on the uppermost deck, which was uncovered, for singsongs every night. We studied the stars, too. Sometimes I felt so lost and lone on that little chip of a boat

away out on the great Indian ocean. The phosphorescence in the water was even more wonderful than in the Pacific. The water was all aglow with it. Every flash meant that the little creature who created it perished. Life is like that even for humans when one thinks in terms of centuries and eternities. But if the flash of my little life can make even one other life happy, if it can add only a little to the light in the world, I shall have accomplished my mission, even though my own life goes out and is forgotten. It is remarkable how much little things mean at sea. A porpoise, a distant island, real or imaginary, the smoke of a distantly passing steamer, the phosphorescence, the never-ending wonder of the sea itself—are all a part of the day's excitements. No wonder Columbus' sailors were rejoiced when they saw the red berries and the land birds!

As we boarded the boat at Singapore I had my first glimpse of the life that is to surround me for the next five years. In steerage were thousands of coolies, bound for Indian tea-gardens, some of them doubtless to the gardens of Assam. There were many other types of Indians as well.

I spent a great deal of time peeping through the crack between the canvases that hid them from the view of the first-class folks. There they were, all huddled together on the lower deck. Such chatter! Such living! It was a new sort of humanity I saw, and I must say that I was rather shocked by it. The coolies were practically naked. Those who wore clothes seemed to delight in varieties. By and by I was able to distinguish the types represented by the different costumes. Mrs. M. of our party pointed them out to me. The Punjabis were the ones with the baggy trousers and the immense turbans that always seemed in imminent danger of falling off. The chaps with the beards, fez, and checkered skirts were Mohammedans. They wore wooden shoes, which they kept on by grasping a wooden knob firmly between the great toe and the next one. The women, low caste most of them, wore draperies of bright colors, and were loaded with jewelry, wherever it would stick. There were several Mohammedan women, but I did not see their faces, for they were enveloped in curtain-like draperies fastened to a little cap, and with peep-holes for their eyes. These were harem wo-

men. The women all kept pretty much in the background. Despite the shock of it, it fascinated me. The Mohammedans would spread out their rugs and facing eastward, toward Mecca, would go through the five daily acts of devotion as unconcernedly as if they were in their own mosques. The men sat in groups smoking. Everybody was chewing the betel-nut, making their mouths look bloody. They cooked their food over little braziers, and, when night came, they spread their mats on the floor and lay in rows as close together as possible. But they kept up a din of talking all night. We were thankful that the noise of the screw helped drown it out. (Yes, we were still over the screw.)

My cabin mate was a little Eurasian girl who teaches in Penang. She is a graduate of the mission school in Singapore. She had a little brown ayah (maid) with her. The little maid found a chum in a chance acquaintance. Both these girls slept on the floor in the passage just outside our door.

There were not many first-class passengers on this boat, so we all sat at the captain's table. We heard some wonderful sea yarns. The first offi-

cer was particularly nice. He took us up on the bridge with him one day and showed us all the nautical instruments, and also how to take the position of the boat by the sun.

In the harbor native men and boys dove for coins. They were like fish in their movements. They never missed a coin, coming up with it in their mouths and grinning. These divers earn their livelihood in this way.

We were met in Madras by some of the missionaries. After we were inspected by the customs officers, we were taken to the Ferguson's pretty home. I went with Miss Bent to visit schools that morning. Here I saw the most marvelous exhibitions of folk dancing and singing. The boys who were performing sang at the top of their voices, swaying their lithe bodies to the rhythm of little sticks with bells on each end, which they held in their hands. It was fairly dizzying to see them. They looked like brown imps. We returned in time for breakfast; a fine, folksy meal it was, too. In the evening we attended Christian Endeavor in the new chapel, of which they can justly be proud. The service was conducted in English so we could enter into

it fully. In the evening we had a big dinner-party. Several of the *mofussil* (which means the stations inland) missionaries had come in to do their Christmas shopping. We had ice-cream to top off with. I had fully made up my mind to submit gracefully to five ice-creamless years, so that was a surprise. We enjoyed the victrola very much, though the memories of musical times at home came thronging with dangerous force!

The next day we had a delightful treat in store. We found that we could spend the week-end in Ongole, and still reach Assam in time for Christmas. Ongole had always had a lure for me, because of its history, and because it is the home of a dear B. M. T. S. friend. We boarded the train that morning in great anticipation. We reached Ongole early in the afternoon. Mr. Baker and two of the missionary girls met us. The girls were in middy blouses, as they were ready for tennis. We rode to the mission compound in Mr. Baker's carriage. It was pleasant to meet my friend again, and a regular surprise-party for her. There are four missionary girls here, and they have a dear little bungalow. We

A Few Native Houses in Ongole

had dinner out under the trees. After a walk and sing in the moonlight we retired under our nets. Our beds were on the back veranda, almost under the stars. The last sounds I heard that night were the throbs of a distant tom-tom at a native wedding, and the far-away wail of a jackal.

Sunday was as clear and perfect a day as ever dawns. After *chota hazri,* as they call the light meal partaken of early in the morning, we went to church and Sunday school in the famous Jewett Memorial Church. The men of our party spoke to the people. There were over thirteen hundred at Sunday school. How they sang! One of the songs was "O how I love Jesus." When they came to the chorus I joined in, much to the surprise of the Telugu missionaries. You see when I was a little girl in the home Sunday school a missionary had taught it to us, and after all those years it had come back to me.

After our regular breakfast, we had our midday nap. Then I went with my friend to her bazaar Sunday school. We walked through dirty streets in a dreary part of the town and entered a crude shed of a place. But the bright faces

and shining eyes of the children made the place attractive. The Oriental love of color was displayed here, as well as their passion for jewels. The girls were very proud of their jewelry. Some of them had necklaces made of pieces of silver money. The native invests his money in the jewelry of his women folk. My heart went out to these children as to the children of China and Japan. Childhood has a genius all its own the world over.

I walked as in a dream, and haven't awakened yet. My mind is a kaleidoscope of impressions. I suppose that later on I will be able to sort them out. I hope that I am making no mistakes in my description of the things around me and my feelings about them.

At sunset-time we girls joined the others on Prayer Meeting Hill for a sweet service. It was very quiet and helpful. I cannot tell you how it thrilled me. Just below us were the twin temples to Shiva and Vishnu, built exactly alike so that neither of the gods had cause for jealousy. A little farther down one can see the red roofs and white walls of the mission buildings, substantial evidence of the way God honored the faith

of that pioneer missionary who stood on the same hill and claimed Ongole for the Kingdom.

We had dinner that night with the Bakers. I was glad to meet them, for we have mutual friends. We had played a sort of hide and seek trying to meet each other all last summer, and now at last my wishes were gratified.

As our train for Calcutta left in the wee hours of the morning a cot and net was brought over from the missahibs' bungalow for me, so that we might all be together, and able to leave quietly without disturbing the others. I did not sleep much. My first Sunday in India had given me too much to think about. Before retiring my friend came over for a chat in the old B. M. T. S. fashion. The coolies lay outside on the veranda. They say a native can sleep anywhere, in any position, with or without bedding.

It was very clear as we started out, the stars wondrously brilliant. The night air was warm and fragrant. You would have laughed could you have seen our procession starting out. We had a double-seated carriage, pulled by one coolie and pushed by another. Mrs. L. and I sat on the front seat in state, and our baggage

occupied the other. Mr. L. walked beside us carrying a lantern, and a coolie, with another lantern, ran at a dog-trot in front of us. The rest of the party were staying at the Martins. We found they had gone on ahead of us. While waiting for our train, we amused ourselves picking out the constellations. The stars hang so low here. I saw the " Southern Cross " constellation for the first time.

Soon the train came rumbling in, and we were off for further adventures. The roadbed was rough, the berths narrow and uncomfortable, so we slept but little. I will tell you about Indian trains later. Suffice it to say that I shall continue to swear by the American pullman.

We reached Calcutta about ten the next morning. Our mission secretary was at the station to meet us. We went directly to Grindlay and Co., who are our agents, where I found a great stack of letters awaiting me, welcome letters from the folks in Assam. After seeing about our baggage and drawing some money, we took a carriage for the Lee Memorial Mission where I am now staying. It took a long time to get here, for the lumbering ox-carts and the lines of coolies car-

rying *mal* (baggage) on their heads made progress slow.

Calcutta is also a strange mixture of the old and the new, the Occident and the Orient. We passed splendid stone buildings in the business section, also hotels and shops. By shops I mean stores. "Shops" is the correct term out here. Trolley-cars clanged to get the ox-carts out of the way, though their own speed was carefully adjusted to the ways of the Orient. All of a sudden I saw Old Glory waving in the breeze. We were passing the American Consulate. If I hadn't been in a carriage where I had to stay put, I would have waved my topee and shouted, for the sight of the flag stirred my patriotism.

The Lee Memorial mission is an independent mission though it works cooperatively with the Methodist Board. It was founded in memory of the six Lee children who perished in a landslide while at school in Darjeeling, a summer resort in the Himalayas. Their parents were missionaries. They built out of their sorrow this beautiful and successful work. My room is on the top floor, and opens out on a wide veranda, on which I slept last night. There is a typewriter

at my disposal. That will help me take care of my mail.

Since coming here I have spent most of the time shopping with the Assam missionaries, who must take with them supplies for a year. Their stations are among hill-tribes, on the frontiers, many days journey from Gauhati. Most of our shopping has been done in New Market. This is really a lot of small shops all under one roof. At the fruit-stands the dealers sit among their wares tailor fashion; the clerks in the fascinating Japanese shops bow and smile at all comers; Persian rug merchants shout at you as you pass by. It is somewhat like a department store with every kind of article, each in its separate booth. You can hardly think of anything that cannot be found here. Things can be obtained much cheaper here than in the English shops, if one is sharp enough to drive good bargains. Prices are not fixed. Foreigners are charged double what natives have to pay, unless the foreigner happens to know what ought to be paid. We had Calcutta friends with us, as we did not know the "lingo."

The English shops are splendid. We have dis-

covered some tea-rooms and a real American ice-cream parlor on the top floor of one of these shops.

Calcutta is an awful city in its evidences of sin and the terrors of heathenism. It is much like Canton in that respect. The beggars are the worst feature, it seems to me. They are so repulsive and wretched. The little children clutch your ankles and cry, in broken English, "Mama, baby hungry." And they rub their little round stomachs. They look hungry. But one cannot give to beggars, for they belong to a great caste which is so organized that if one gives one becomes a marked person and will be followed about everywhere. Parents in this caste mutilate their children to work on the sympathies of Europeans. Lepers extend their scaly hands on all sides. I never saw such a variety of deformity as is displayed along the sidewalks of Calcutta. They wanted me to visit a temple, but after hearing what kind of a place it was, I decided I'd postpone that trip, for it seemed as if I could not stand any more horror just now.

It is not hot here now. The trees along the street are brilliant with great red blossoms.

" Flame of the Forest " they call these trees. The crows, which are so scary in America, are numerous and almost too friendly. Yesterday morning I came into my bedroom just in time to see one of them fly through the window with the toast I had on my *chota hazri* tray.

The folks here are so homey and fine. They have American food, too. I have appreciated the pies and ice-cream. Americans create America wherever they go, and America is Home!

A telegram of welcome came this morning from Satri Bari. That is the name of the mission compound where I am to live. They tell me it means " A Garden of Girl Students." We are off again for this last lap of our journey this afternoon. I don't think I could wait much longer.

My next will be written from my new Indian home. *Premer Salaams!* That's the warmest greeting an Indian can give. It means " lovingest greetings."

Your own

JUDY.

GAUHATI, ASSAM, BRITISH INDIA,
DECEMBER 20, 1915.

Dear, dear Folks:

Salaams from Satri Bari! Here I am sitting on the veranda of the funny little mud-and-plaster house which is to be my home until the bungalow is finished. This is a brand new compound, and we are living in temporary quarters while the houses we are dreaming of are being made real. Our house is just like the ones the natives live in save that it has a cement floor, and screening over the space between the roof and walls at the top, and screen doors. They have the peskiest mosquitoes here and all sorts of other bugs and insects. We have three rooms, though the partitions between them do not go all the way up to the ceiling, for the very good reason that we have no ceiling. Above us are the bamboo rafters to which the thatch has been tied. We reserve the middle room for living-room, one end being the parlor where we entertain our friends, and the other the dining-room where we strengthen the inner man. The other two rooms are our sleeping-quarters, two of us in each room.

It is pretty crowded, but we shall get along nicely. Every night as I sit at my desk a friendly house lizard and a big spider—ten times bigger than spiders at home—come down the wall for their evening walk, and stop on their way to " salaam " to me. The other day the sweeper woman gave a loud scream. She was working in the living-room. We rushed out to see what had happened to her. There on the floor lay a wiggly, cunning, baby snake all curled up. He had fallen from the rafters above. He was a most poisonous kind. The gardener carried him off on his spade.

Our bathrooms are bamboo lean-tos on the side of the house. The floor is made of bamboos laid side by side. People bathe by the pouring process, so all the paraphernalia we need is a big earthen jar of water and a dipper. One day I saw a big black snake hanging from the rafters in the bathroom. But he was harmless. He was watching some baby birds who were left alone in their nest in the thatch while their mother was off buying groceries for supper.

But to resume and finish my trip.

Assam is, of course, like the rest of India. The landscape is much the same as that of

Students in the Mary Colby School
Yokohama

The Seventh Standard, Satri Bari
Gauhati, Assam

southern India. Paddy fields with the white paddy bird stalking about among the rice plants; thatch-roofed villages; palm trees, brown men, with as little on as the law allows, plowing through the mud with oxen or fierce, long-horned buffaloes; ox-carts lumbering along the yellow roads; lively youngsters swarming at every station; flocks of goats, though not so long-legged as in South India; temples and mosques visible among the trees in the towns as we whizzed by; pilgrims and holy men trudging along the highways on their way to a shrine; flocks of wild ducks; screaming green parrots sailing through a lazy blue sky with indolent white cloud puffs here and there; rich, tropical vegetation; and spilled over everything the yellow Indian sunshine. India is beautiful with a tranquil sort of beauty.

An amusing thing happened during the night. We were aroused about two o'clock in the morning by the sudden stopping of the train, so sudden that we were almost thrown from our berths. Almost immediately followed excited talking in loud tones. We stuck our heads out of the windows. Nothing could be seen for we were in a

lonely place, and the darkness was inky black. At last an English-speaking guard passed by, and told us that the engineer and fireman had had a fight. Seems they had had a disagreement about something and had stopped the train to settle it fist fashion!

I was properly initiated just before we arrived in Gauhati. We were eating our breakfast on the ferry boat crossing the Brahmaputra. There was a sudden great commotion down below, and we were told that a box had fallen overboard. I learned later that that box was my trunk. The English speak of trunks as boxes. It was the one that had my best clothes in it. Fortunately it was rescued. The first thing I did on my arrival here was to exhibit all my clothes on the fences where I hung them to dry. My photographs have come off the cards, my new Bible is hopelessly crinkled; some of my dresses have splotches of color from contact with a bag of pieces I had brought for mending purposes. Most of them will wash. Only two or three garments were ruined hopelessly.

All the Gauhati missionaries, except Miss H., were at the station to meet us. They were a com-

pany large enough to overwhelm us with greetings. We were garlanded with the bright yellow flowers used in worship by the natives, and our pictures were taken. Then Miss W. took possession of me, and we drove through the picturesque old town in her phaeton carriage drawn by two ponies. This is her touring outfit.

Satri Bari is situated just outside the town. We passed through a squatter village at the very entrance. Then the lane turned, and there was a double line of schoolgirls to greet me. They looked so pretty. I alighted and shook hands with them all. They were very shy and ducked their heads in their sarees. The tiniest girl of all, with great, shining black eyes, brought me a garland on a brass tray. They call her "Tora," which means "star." Rhonjie, the cook, and the other servants were also there to greet me. We all marched to the compound together. These were the Christian girls. The school had been given a holiday in honor of my coming. School is still carried on on the old compound, Miss H. taking a load of the girls in the American wagon every morning, the rest walking along beside it. In the afternoon we all had tea at Doctor W.'s

home on the other mission compound. Their bungalows are built facing the Brahmaputra. The name of the river means "Son of God." It is sacred to the Hindus. I shall never forget the glorious sunset I saw that evening.

The missionaries are lovely. I have a strong premonition that I am going to be very happy here with these people with whom I feel so well acquainted already.

After dinner that evening I went to the dormitories with Miss H. to see the girls. I had been specially invited. Like girls everywhere they were "just dying" to see the new missahib. They had already sized me up pretty well. They had again looked at the snapshot I had sent when I first received my appointment, and now they said I had grown thin, much thinner than I was when I had had that picture taken. I found that I had already been adopted. My last name has been changed. It is "Marak" now. Most of these girls come from a hill-tribe known as Garos. They are not Hindus. Among them there are two distinct clans, the Maraks and the Sangmas. A Marak must marry a Sangma and vice versa. I suppose there are good reasons for this ar-

rangement. I enjoyed their Christian Endeavor service, with the Indian adaptations in dramatization and story-telling. The girls did not strike me as pretty, especially the hill-girls, who look much like our American Indians. But I am afraid my standard is not right in judging looks out here. I suppose I shall get used to the tight way in which they do their hair. I like their loose-flowing clothes. They are picturesque. The girls and their cottages are very clean.

Sunday we all went to the native church. It is a nice gray building, the roof and walls being constructed of corrugated iron. The roof is painted bright red. The church was full of folks. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. They have a regular pastor, Levy Babu, but Mr. S., one of the missionaries, preached Sunday. The Assamese language is very musical, though there are some nasal sounds in it. I am to begin language lessons next week and I suppose I shall act like a kindergarten child.

Sunday afternoon we attended the meeting Doctor W. holds for the students of the Government College here. He and his wife give their entire time to the students, and their work has

been very successful. Some come to the bungalow for practise in English, some for help in their college work, while others are seriously studying the Bible and Christianity, seeking to find the answer to the questions that have always perplexed folks. I sang "His Eye Is On the Sparrow" with a full heart. It was inspiring to look into those handsome, earnest faces, and realize that for a little while we are touching the future leaders of India.

The weather has been delightfully cool thus far. We have a nice breeze here at Satri Bari all the year around they tell me, coming up the river valley through a gap in the hills.

Miss W. is off supervising some coolies who are building fence. Miss H. has not yet returned from school, and Miss G. is taking a nap, I guess. I am all alone except for the bearer who is getting out the tea things.

Thank you a thousand times for that magnificent bunch of mail I found awaiting me. I just cried for joy at the sight of them. And to prove how much I appreciate them I shall fold up this instalment *ec dum* (that's Indian for "instanter"), so that my red-turbaned friend, the

mail boy, can take it when he comes here after tea, and it will reach Madras in time for this week's mail steamer.

I am happy and contented here, and I shall ever be your gladsome

JUDY.

II

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND IMPRESSIONS

It was a strange and fascinating world in which Judy found herself. The beauty of the landscape, the mystery of the life about her, the atmosphere of religion and its contrast of sadness, all were part of the magic that combined to make her intensely interested in her surroundings.

Her first impression was of the crowdedness of life. It teemed about her, overwhelmingly, distressingly, in multitudes and swarms! Such crowds of folks, all brown, all needy, all unspeakably curious—until she felt bored through and through with the gimlets of black eyes. There was variety in costuming, from the string of beads and a smile to the adapted European—the very variety was confusing. The insect world added to the burden of life, it seemed to her. Lefroy, in his book on "Indian Insects," describes that situation aptly in his peculiarly vivid way, as follows:

Just think of our daily life. There are the cockroaches that smell; fish insects that eat our papers, curtains, and books; ants that carry off our sugar and eat up our houses; gundies and other smelly things that flavor our food when they accidentally fall in; wasps and hornets that sting; mosquitoes that bite and annoy, to say nothing of the sandflies that no mosquito-net keeps out; the bug and the flea that constantly pester us; the mud-wasps that build nests in our books and close our locks; furniture beetles that wear out our chairs; the cheroot beetle that spoils our cigars; the moth that destroys our clothes. Daily and hourly we come in direct contact with insect life. Read the doleful comments of a Calcutta resident in August, asking why science cannot check the insects that come to his lamp at dinner, and make life a burden; or the sad tale of the district officer who had to vacate his bungalow because the wasps were accustomed to have it and insisted on wanting it; or again the tale of the telegraph stores which were hurriedly wanted in large quantities but which could not be moved because hornets had built a settlement among them and actively resented any interference: or that of the greatcoats ready to be distributed to the army each being found riddled with neat little holes eaten out by insects. Impartial judgment and a dispassionate consideration of facts will show that insects in this land have fully exploited man, and though he may think he is dominant, man really is not, for not least among his functions is to furnish food and occupation for insects.

And because there are so many folks and insects and animals, there is a variety of noise. At night, especially, Judy used to lie in bed listening to the resonance of the world outside. These were some of the sounds she used to hear simultaneously: the loud ticking of her American Big Ben; the deep bass of bullfrogs tuning up in a neighboring tank, one whose voice was for all the world like the honking of a Ford; a surging chorus of crickets, tree toads, and other insects, including the mosquitoes busily humming a tune as they sought for a hole by which to enter her net; birds calling to each other from treetops; bats beating against the screening of the porch; jackals wailing not far away; and a tiny goat calling for its mother as he heard them. Dogs were barking in answer to their own puppy, tied under the house, sensitive to even a shadow across the moon. Tinkling bells and creaking wheels of passing carts; the conch-shell blown by the mail-runner from the gardens, bringing mail to put into the mail-sack in the big town post-office. He has bells on his feet so folks can tell if he runs all the way as he is supposed to, and he blows his horn so that the postmaster may get up to let

him in. In the distance is the monotonous poojah drum, and across the river a Mussulman is calling on Allah. The town watchman startles everybody awake with his shrill call: "Thieves are coming! Take care!" One of the babies in the dormitories is crying fretfully—she is teething; and a half-crazed religious devotee goes through the town calling *Hori bol!* which is an exhortation to passers-by to call on his god. He is a weird figure, with an orange robe, his turban at an angle, and a crooked smile. Another crazy man adds to the babel by stopping at the corner near the compound and orating in the moonlight, in a cracked voice. He thinks himself inspired. They say he is a college graduate! He belongs to one of the town's finest families.

In the daytime noises are not so noticeable. The bazaar is a babel of tongues and noises of various kinds. The people bring their wares at daybreak from the near-by villages, and spread them out on a cloth on the ground. The established merchants have permanent booths. The variety of goods to be found in a bazaar is amazing: clay pottery of every kind, from the clay hookah to the huge water-jars, gay pictures of

the gods doing exploits, and idols for kitchen shelves, vegetables, fruit, meat, fish, rice, notions —looking-glasses, combs, locks, strings of beads, buttons, perfumery, slates, pencils, ink, highly colored and scented soaps, granite-ware bowls and plates, gorgeous china cups and saucers— salt, sweets, baked goods, buttermilk, betel-nuts, fans, mats, rugs, blankets, clothing, prayer-rugs, toys, books, and what not. The crowd is motley. One sees very few women in the market-place, however. European women sometimes are seen, but they are in a category by themselves. Nice Indian women could not be made to go under compulsion. It is a rough, vulgar place, and we cannot but admire the custom that shields the women from its contacts. Of course, there are coolie women and village women.

At the railway station is another hubbub, especially at train time. Where can all the people be going? The variety of color and costume is interesting, and the nondescript baggage and the original ways of carrying it are amusing. These are some of the types of folks that Judy sees every time she waits for a train at Gauhati: tea-garden coolies, the men naked save for the loin

cloth and turban, the women loaded with cheap jewelry; sleek and satisfied native bankers, known as *khyas*—with their multicolored, carpet-rag headgear; their women folk muffled in flowing garments, very full in front; Mohammedan harem women peering through the little windows in their draperies; fat and important babus, in mixed dress, the upper part European and the lower native; sweeper women in sleeveless vests and dirty-colored sarees selling fans; bearded and fezzed Mohammedan gentlemen, with compartments all to themselves; Eurasians in loosely hung English clothes; European men and women in spotless white, wearing pith topees and with pet dogs straining on their leashes; small boys selling sweets and cigarettes, and getting in everybody's way; important-looking servants in starched uniforms bustling about, the servants from the station dining-room peddling soda-water, fruit juices, and steaming tea; loathsome, leprous, or deformed beggars looking expectantly at one with bleared eyes; bands of gypsy folks pestering one to buy beads! And the baggage—mangoes, silkworms in baskets, brassware, bamboo baskets

for sale, chests of tea, cane furniture from the local jails or oak furniture in crates from Calcutta, soda-water in bottles, jute in great twisted ropes, coils of wire, cocoanuts, monkeys chained together in charge of special keepers, long-stemmed pipes, bicycles, gramophones, dogs, oil in gallon tins ("Standard Oil Co. of New York, Elephant Brand")—this gives an idea of the collection of luggage that boards the trains with the natives. The train stops at the station for some time, but there is a mad scramble for tickets when the first distant whistle is heard. There is no waiting in line. The minute the ticket window is opened, pell-mell, a scramble of folks, jabbering wildly in a variety of tongues, each trying frantically to get waited on first. The babu in the office works calmly on, not in the least nonplussed by the rabble outside. Wonderful people, without nerves! When the train comes in the red-turbaned police have all they can do to control the mob scrambling for seats.

Another thing that impressed Judy was the extreme poverty on every hand. Even those who are supposed to be well-to-do live in cheerless homes. The houses are of bamboo with mud

walls and floor and thatch roofs. The wealthy usually whitewash their houses, and have cement floors. There is little or no furniture inside; there is no sense of order or tidyness. Of course, there is a compensation. Little furniture makes for more sanitary conditions. A squatter settlement at the entrance to Satri Bari is a good example of the extreme misery of the poor. These people are low-caste coolies. Their little low huts huddle against each other for support. The crumbling plaster is supplemented with old gunny sacking in places. During the hot season they lie on piles of rags under the stars. The poor naked children swarm over the road, in constant danger of being run over by passing vehicles. Life in all its tragic and none of its happy turns is here. Here the dying lie on the roadside. The death wail is heard frequently as one after another is seized by cholera or plague. Three of the husbands passed away, one each night, three succeeding nights. The widows sat with torn garments and ashes on their head in the middle of the road. Each new-born babe is exposed to the rude gaze of the passers-by on a bundle of rags. What little space there is in front of the huts is

occupied by ox-carts and the lean cattle. In front of one of the huts a pig is tied to a stake by one leg, and scrawny goats devour every chance spear of grass. In the rains the little huts stand in water. As one passes one sees the women peeling scurvy potatoes or grinding the coarsest kind of rice. They have only one meal a day. One of the men has a drum. Every night they hold their religious ceremonials. One of them can read a little, and he spells the words out of a tattered copy of the Shastras in a nasal singsong, which sounds as if he were making up the tune as he goes along. His light is the fire. But the others gather around and listen intently as they pull at their long-stemmed pipes.

The people of India are very religious. One is aware of that from the first. Theirs is a religion of creed, crystallized into a system that kills initiative and paralyzes ambition. Religion requires so much of them, affecting every act of their lives. Night after night one hears the singing and dancing of the poojah, day after day one meets the endless processions of pilgrims. Every pice that can be spared, and some that can't, is given to the greedy priests who perform

those acts they themselves are supposedly too ignorant to perform. Religion is a burden, but it is borne cheerfully enough, for their salvation depends on works, and works, and works.

Everywhere are the evidences of their devotion. They worship the cow. A cow is always given the right of way on the road, and no vegetable seller would drive away a cow that takes a notion to have her dinner off his wares. Their houses are smeared every week with a mixture of cowdung, water, and mud, to purify it. It represents to them the highest form of cleanliness. That Christ was born in a stable makes a different appeal to them than to us, for to the Hindu it was a highly appropriate place for him to be born, being the most holy of all the buildings belonging to a family. The Bible takes on new significance after one has been in India. One sees the oxen treading out the grain on the threshing-floors, unmuzzled so as to be free to eat a little of the grain. One sees the women grinding by twos the flat stone mills spoken of in the Bible. The costumes of the women are somewhat Palestinian, and one often sees types that might well have posed for Rebekahs as they come

from the well with the water-pots on their heads. One often sees the midnight processions and hears the cry: "Behold the bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him."

Stone temples and bamboo *namghors* ("houses of the name," which are another type of temple) are everywhere, and every house and village and street has its shrine. Along the river front in Gauhati is a little shrine to the patron goddess of eastern India, Kali, stretching out her several arms and sticking out her tongue. Judy happened along that way one morning in time to see the attendant ring a bell to awaken her, wash her face, and set before her her breakfast. At night he gives her another meal, and puts her to bed. It is just a child's play to us, but a serious enough matter to them. The worship of Kali is practised everywhere. Professors from the Government college in the same town pay daily visits and do their daily acts of worship at this shrine. Just before the Durga Poojah, as the great fall festival in her honor is called, one sees the images taken from the temples to have their faces washed. One may always see the idol-makers at work, the headless bodies of the clay

Mohammedan Feast-day, Gauhati, Assam

images sitting out in the sun to dry, while the heads are being fashioned.

The towns are full of religious beggars, pilgrims, ascetics, and holy men. There are women devotees, too. Under a tree in the bazaar in Gauhati sits a so-called holy woman, her face powdered white with ashes, her hair dyed a bright henna and very fantastically wound around her head, her lips red with berry juice. She is bold and impudent. She is a prostitute. In the minds of the common people that does not detract from her holiness. Hinduism approves.

There are many Mohammedans in Assam. The mosques are kept freshly painted. They have domes for roofs. All around them are brilliantly painted stone fences. Within the enclosures are the graves of the faithful and much shrubbery. On the porch at almost any time one may see faithful "Sons of the Prophet" performing one of the five daily acts of devotion. Strict Mohammedans will drop everything when it is time for prayer. Judy found it trying on occasions when she needed a servant to find that he was at his prayers and could not be disturbed. I wonder if prayer would mean anything to us

if we had to do it under such compulsion. At sunset-time the *mulavis* mount to the top of the mosques and facing Mecca give the sonorous call to prayer. It gives a thrill to listen. Immediately the Mohammedans respond, coming to the mosque in great crowds from their homes and shops, for a quiet period of worship. There is something beautiful about it, too. Wouldn't it mean much if the Christian world would pause for meditation and prayer at sunset-time all over the world?

Judy found life very picturesque too. The Oriental has a way all his own for doing things. As one leaves the private road from Satri Bari one comes out upon the splendid metalled government road to Shillong, the capital of the province. Across the road is a large water-tank, with cement sides and steps leading into it. On sunny mornings the tank will be full of laughing boys bathing. Others will be washing their garments, soaping and striking them rhythmically against the sides of the tank. Back of the tank are the police lines. Almost any time one may see the native police, khaki-clad and red-turbaned, drilling. Here is the town clock. It is a piece of

railroad iron, suspended from the veranda by a rope. When the hour hand reaches a number on the watch in the pocket of the police in charge, he goes out and strikes the iron with a hammer the required number of strokes. Sometimes he forgets to consult his watch, sometimes it is fast or slow. So the gong varies, or rather, the length of the hours. It is well-nigh impossible to run things on schedule time. The people go by this gong. Missionaries must regulate their lives by it too.

In front of the mosque is a sweetmeat stand. Several small boys stand around gazing longingly at the wares. Here one can buy jellabies—a pastry dipped in syrup—cigarettes and betel-nut. The proprietor is a huge Hindu, wearing a tight yellow coat and dirty pugree. He industriously chews his betel-nut, by way of advertisement, probably.

One is surprised at first at the big gray automobile one sees standing in front of a native house. It looks strangely out of place. On Sundays as many as can possibly get in go joy-riding, starting off with a wheeze and a clatter that help make it conspicuous.

In striking contrast to all this, near-by some men were shoeing an ox. His feet, save the one being shod, are tied together, and three men are sitting on him as he lies prone on the ground, to keep him down.

Under that tree is the village barber shop. The victim squats on his heels, facing the barber. The barber is equipped with a small basin of cold water, and a huge razor. No soap is used. The beard of the Indian is light. Next to him a boy is having his hair cut. They are shaving his head, save a long lock that is left in the middle of the crown, which they will braid. That is the sign that he is a good Hindu. On special religious occasions he will tie a marigold in the end of it. The variety of hair-cuts is amusing. The hill folks wear theirs bobbed. People in mourning wear long curls, as does the carpenter at Satri Bari who has recently lost his father. Men wear their hair long when they have taken vows, like the Nazarites of Old Testament times. Women never cut their hair, save when they are widowed. Then the head is kept shaven. Little girls are punished sometimes by being shorn of their locks, a great disgrace indeed.

The folks always fascinated Judy. There were so many types. On her walks she met the sleek babus in white clothes, Mohammedans with their checkered skirts, flopping along on their wooden sandals, little child mothers carrying heavy babies on one hip, sad-faced widows, begging—and some very young and pathetic—half-naked coolies, smug servants, police chaps in khaki, dhobies with great bundles of clean clothes on their heads, darzies sitting on the floor of their shops running hand sewing-machines, dirty snake-charmers wheedling pice through the antics of their gruesome pets, Anglo-Indians on bicycles, occasionally a European man or woman, with a long line of folks agape after them, village women with short skirts and great baskets of vegetables balanced on their heads, loathsome beggars, procession of mourners carrying dead bodies to the burning ghats down by the river, a high-caste lady carried home from a visit in a covered palkey, college students almost offensively swagger, bands of convicts under the supervision of an armed policeman doing the town's hard work, roving gypsy folks around their campfires, motherly ayahs trundling white babies in

perambulators, here and there a slinking Chinaman—thus the procession moves on.

It is a strange mixture of the new and the old even in Assam. Look at the bicycles, for instance, and the ox-carts trundling along left far behind by the gray automobile, and the Fords owned by the Europeans. There are the carts pulled by coolies and there the large motor buses that connect Gauhati with Shillong. Phaeton carriages and tika gharries, mosques and chapels, native dug-outs in the river bobbing up and down in the swells caused by the passing of the beautiful up-to-date steamers from Calcutta. Elephants and oxen, horses and men, carrying burdens almost shoulder to shoulder. Hoary old India is unconsciously, even against her will, taking on the ways of the West and profiting by the conveniences.

The European section of the town is also a direct contrast. The homes are along the river front. The college forms a community all its own. The homes of the missionaries also face the river, but they are in the center of the surging native life. In the heart of things, then, rises the spire of the Christian church, which will con-

Snake-charmers

tinue to point upwards until all of India shall have found satisfaction for her hungry heart in the God whom Christians worship.

A land of genius and ignorance, of opportunity and need, of aspiration and shadow, of beauty and repulsiveness—yet desirable as part of the kingdom of God. Such is India, and when she has been claimed for Christ and won to him, she will turn to him her warm throbbing human heart, and throw her genius and her religious capacity as gladly at his feet as she does blindly to the gods that understand not, neither can hear. And India will make her contribution to the total of the world's knowledge and understanding of God.

III

JUDY ATTENDS AN ASSOCIATION IN THE ASSAM JUNGLE

A tinkle of bells, a creaking of wheels, great verbal effort in an unknown tongue—thus they were made aware of the arrival of the day of departure for the jungle village of Kimengao, where the Garo Christian Association was to be held. It was scarcely daylight, so it was indeed surprising to have the carts on hand. The oxen of India belong to a union that sets the pace for all self-respecting oxen at a mile and a half an hour. Twist the beasties' tails as hard as he may, use his most forceful and persuasive language, the poor driver, even if he has ambition (occasionally one has), cannot make the slightest impression on the serene minds of the oxen! It seemed a most propitious sign to have them on hand at the right time that morning.

Directly after *chota hazri* preparations were made. To travel in India one must carry all one's bedding, provisions, camp furniture, and clothes

enough to last during the entire period of absence, making allowances for such emergencies as having one's suitcase dropped into the river, sudden changes in the weather, unexpected showers and delays. Even when traveling by rail one carries his green or brown waterproof hold-all of bedding. In the dak-bungalows, provided by Government for travelers, there are bedsteads, to be sure, but one prefers one's own cot in a vermin-infested country like India.

So they packed the bedding and linen, towels and clothing, enough for two weeks. The provisions were packed into boxes—cans of tinned milk and butter, rice, potatoes, curry powder, peas in the pod, preserves, bread, salt, sugar, tea, dates, nuts, cheese, bananas, tomatoes. Live chickens and pigeons were carried in baskets tied under the carts, and made a great fuss over their cramped quarters. A stock of medicines was also taken, food for the horses, a tin of kerosene, and several lanterns. The baggage was packed into the three carts and sent ahead so as to arrive at the first stop as soon as the party. Rhonjie, the good old cook, accompanied the carts.

About four o'clock Judy and Miss G. started out in the American wagon drawn by two brisk country ponies. With them went the tiffin basket of cooked food and the thermos bottles full of hot tea. An hour later Miss H. followed, and the girls whose homes were in the district in which the association was to be held. They had each their little bundle, and in the bundles were the lovely Christmas dollies from America, to be passed on to some little sister or chum back in the village. They all rode in tika gharries.

These vehicles are worth a little word of description. They are like the old milk-wagons at home, with seats facing each other across the two ends. The upper parts of the doors are the only openings, the rest being shutters, supposed to be openable, but seldom can you budge them. These shutters are supposed to prevent high-caste ladies from breaking purdah. These gharries have no springs. The wheels are wooden. The sensation one gets must be experienced to be appreciated. The harness on the poor emaciated horse is a wonderful and fearful creation, ingeniously made of tape and ropes. Our horses at home would be too ashamed of such an outfit to hold up their

heads. The driver has a high seat at the top, and flourishes his long whip with great gusto. It isn't exactly joy-riding, unless you are in a mood for adventure and ready to enjoy anything.

But oh, the beauty of the Indian landscape that evening will never be forgotten by Judy. It was sunset-time. The whole valley was filled with a golden mist, and the sky behind Kamakhya was aflame with glory, reflecting itself again in the placid waters of the beautiful Brahmaputra. The road, smooth and white, skirts the foot of the mountain. On its top is the golden-domed temple, sacred, and visited by pilgrims from all over the Indian country. It is a perfect cone, covered with luxurious foliage—feathery bamboos, irregular pines, and tropical trees whose beauty of form, leaf, and flower must be seen to be appreciated, the whole forming a most pleasing background for the native life crowding around its foot.

The scene fascinated Judy. It was India with her day's work done. At a crossroads a holy man sat, wrapped in meditation, intent on keeping his vows and so to win salvation. All around him were the simple village folks offering rice

and fruits and vegetables, and begging for a little of the ash off his body to use as a charm against sickness. A little farther along they met a group of village women who had stopped when they saw the white folks and began to sing a begging song. A wrinkled old woman led, singing the line alone in a quavering voice, the others taking it up after her. All along the road are the native villages, under peepul trees, sacred to the Hindus. The houses are made of bamboo and mud, with ragged thatch roofs. The glow of the fires lent a homey look to the landscape. The evening meal was being cooked. The men-folks sat near-by, contentedly pulling on their hookahs, while little, naked, brown children played about in hilarity or stood watching the pot in anticipation. Women carrying large baskets of fish or vegetables from a neighboring market, or the large water-pot cleverly balanced on the head, and some with another on the hip, salaamed in friendliness at the white women. Sometimes a whole village paused in its operations to gaze curiously at the white women in their strange costumes, driving the peculiar carriage. Doubtless they wondered why the khaki-clad coachman on

the seat behind wasn't driving. He did want to, but so did the missahibs. Tired oxen were feeding, or lying by the roadside chewing their cuds. Occasionally from some shrine hidden among the trees came the tinkle of a bell calling to holy thoughts and prayer.

Then suddenly the darkness fell, dropping down like a curtain. So it does in the Orient, and daybreak is as sudden. When they reached Palisbari it was pitch dark. There are no friendly arc lights in rural India. Folks depend on kerosene lanterns and camp-fires to keep on the road. The road was crowded, because the weekly market had just closed.

Good old Rhonjie was waiting for them at the dak-bungalow, with fires built, water boiling for tea, the carts unloaded, and everything as homelike as possible. Miss H. and the girls came in shortly afterwards with a great flourish and all singing. Miss G., who lives on a Western ranch at home and knows horses as well as folks, helped put up the horses. Miss H. looked after the girls, for they needs must stay in the little house provided for natives in the back. Judy got out the supper things and set the table.

After supper there were prayers with the girls. Six months had made a great change and contrast in Judy's surroundings. Here she was in a dingy mud hut, sitting on the wooden platform that is the Indian bed, a dozen native girls in their picturesque dress sitting around her. One of them shyly put her hand in Judy's. The light of the single lantern made the scene more unreal. Judy sang with them in English as they sang in Assamese. She listened to the Bible reading, and when they bowed their heads in prayer, Judy's was one of thanksgiving for the privilege of being in this wonderful land of beauty and opportunities, and of petition that she might be made worthy.

The cots were put up, the mosquito curtains suspended above them and, to be in readiness for an early start the next morning, as much repacking as possible was done. Miss G. and Judy occupied one of the rooms in the bungalow, Rhonjie taking his place on the veranda outside their door so that the new missahibs need not be nervous. Miss H. slept in the native hostel with the girls. The gharry wallahs had loosed the oxen, and each betaken himself to his cart for rest. It was

not long before the whole compound was wrapped in peace and quiet. Once during the night they were awakened by the heavy breathing of the oxen just outside the window, and were a bit frightened for a moment in the thought that a wild elephant had broken in upon them.

At half past three the next morning they made ready to continue the journey. They ate a banana, swallowed tea from the thermos flasks. The tika gharries had been sent back to Gauhati the night before, so Miss H. rode in the ox-carts with some of the girls, starting out early and leaving the rest to follow with the wagon and the rest of the girls. One of the horses became frightened and broke loose, and tore up the village street. It seemed like a hopeless task to catch him in the darkness, but with the help of villagers and strategy on the part of the groom he was finally brought back. At last the wagon, too, was on its way. Miss G., Judy, and one of the girls were on the seat, and in the box behind, the cook, the groom, and four girls. The tiffin basket was tucked under the seat. It was very dark, the starlight being ineffective in the dense fog. The road was unfamiliar, and though Judy

held the lantern high it did not help much as they were in their own light. For about an hour they traveled in uncertainty passing the carts in about half an hour.

Then, suddenly, glorious day broke, revealing a world radiant with freshness and beauty. There was a riot of bird song from the trees where the brilliantly plumaged songsters were greeting the new day. The roads were heavy with damp dust which made driving hard. Some of them walked, Miss G. and Judy taking turns driving. It was intensely interesting to watch India's preparation for the new day—the hitching of the stupid oxen and vicious buffaloes, the natives bathing religiously in the near-by tanks, the merchants arranging their wares for the day's trade in their wayside shops. Some women were wading knee-deep in the marshes, fishing with their triangular fishing-baskets. Here and there a farmer was plowing with a crude wooden plow. Women were going for water, with their pots on their heads. There were snatches of bird song, and weird singing in the high-pitched voice of the native. Boys were driving herds of goats and cows to pasture. Bullock-carts set off on

various errands with tinkling bells. Village women gathered in knots under the trees for a bit of a chat. Overhead saucy crows sputtered and green parokeets screeched. Over all the warm, golden sunshine, softly penetrating through the mist. Can you not feel the atmosphere, or get the picture of the exquisiteness of an Indian morning in the cold season?

They reached Chaogao (which means "Six Villages") about eleven. The day had become perceptibly warmer, and they were glad of the rest offered by the friendly dak-bungalow. Breakfast over, there was time for a nap. The girls went down to a near-by stream and washed out their soiled garments, hanging them on the bamboo fence to dry. There the missahibs joined them later, all of them wading in the cool water.

The heat of the day over, they began preparations for another stage of the journey about four o'clock. Miss G. and some of the girls set out on foot, hoping to be picked up later by the carts. But ox-cart drivers do not always see things the way we do. They were in no haste to leave, insisting that their oxen would surely die if they

undertook the journey before they were fed. Judy wondered they had not thought of that earlier. The food had to be boiled for the beasts and then cooled before they could eat it. That meant a wait of still another hour. So Miss H. and Judy started out in the wagon with three of the girls, leaving the cook and the rest of the girls to come when "their honors," the drivers, were good and ready.

They drove swiftly through the fast gathering twilight. Soon they were near that part of the road that leads through the dense jungle, a bit of road that even the natives avoid after dark. So far nothing had been seen of the girls and Miss G. who had started out ahead. They had no lanterns. With anxiety the missahibs in the wagon strained to see them. They could not drive fast, because the road was being leveled, and had heaps of turf through the middle of it. There was not room enough on the sides to drive, so the wagon must needs go through the turf. But presently, they caught sight of the white sarees of the girls, and soon caught up with them. So they went on together taking turns walking, riding, and driving. Judy walked nine miles that

evening. They arrived at Boko about eight. With the aid of the tiffin baskets supper was soon ready—tea, bread, butter, jam, and tomatoes. Judy said she had never so enjoyed a meal before, even though it was laid on a table with a towel for cloth and eaten by the dim light of a kerosene lantern. Two hours later the carts came in with the girls, all safe and sound. The missahibs had not worried about them because they had the cook with them, who is utterly trustworthy.

Eleven o'clock the next day, according to agreement, men from the village of Kimengao came to show the way into the village. Judy was vastly amused at the sight the procession made as it started out. Miss H. and the girls, single file in true Indian fashion, led. Then Miss G. on the one pony that could be trusted, followed by Judy on an old white steed loaned for the occasion by Mr. S., the missionary of the district. Then came the servant leading the skittish pony, followed by the groom in charge of Judy's steed. Judy had never ridden horseback before. She mounted her charger with fear and trembling. He was too old and stiff to run away, though, because of one blind eye, he might jump if anything

seemed uncertain and startling. It was not long, however, before she was perfectly at ease on his back. The wagon was left in care of the dak-bungalow chokidar, the road being too rough from this point on for a wagon.

It was a six-mile ride through the jungle itself. The path led through jungle grass over their heads. In places the trees were hidden by the thickly twisted mat of vines and underbrush. The Christian men went ahead and cut the path. Two rivers had to be forded. Miss H. and the girls went across "pick-a-back" on the cook's back. Then there were about two miles through rice-fields, jumping the little ridges of earth that keep the water in during the rains. Once Judy's horse went down on his knees. She remembered that it had been told her that in such an emergency she must pull back on the lines, so she was not thrown.

A mile out of the village of Kimengao the native Christians began coming out to meet and welcome the party. Many of them had never seen white women before and were overcome to the point of speechlessness at the sight. Mr. S. was on the lookout for them, too. When Miss

H. and the girls arrived, the missahibs were informed that tea was ready in his *basha* as the temporary grass house was called. Again the English theory of the refreshing quality of a cup of tea—and especially, Assam tea—was proved, and really, cabin biscuits and jam are good, too. Judy was very stiff and sore from her ride in, and glad of a chance to sit still.

Judy had the experience, at this time, of being in the public limelight. She had discovered an uncanny thing that morning about her new country. At home she knew that walls had ears, folks were always talking about it; but out there they had eyes, too. She knew it, for she saw the eyes, rows and rows of shiny, black ones. It was too funny to see a brown finger poke through the grass wall, and then a shiny eye peeking through the hole made by the finger. The people who belonged to the eyes were seeing the strangest sight of all their lives—a man eating with women. Such queer and dangerous-looking instruments they were putting into their mouths! Such funny things they were eating! In India it is still fashionable to use fingers for forks, and as for a dining-room, there is all out-of-doors, and there is

no need of chairs when one has a perfectly good pair of strong, brown heels to squat on.

The house in which the missahibs stayed was different from any house Judy had ever lived in before. It was originally the village school, the old walls replaced by new ones made of jungle grass tied to the bamboo framework. The roof was of thatch. It was divided into three rooms by grass partitions. The middle one was obviously meant for the living-room, as it had in the center a table with bamboo legs, and flattened bamboos for a top. The mud floor was covered with a thick layer of fresh, clean rice straw. The other two rooms were used for bedrooms, one for the schoolgirls and one for the missahibs. Across one side was a platform, built of bamboo, about four feet from the ground, and covered thickly with straw. On these platforms the beds were made, and very good ones they were, too. The mosquito-nets were fastened to the bamboo wall on one side and to a rope stretched across the other.

This house proved the most popular in the village during the association. It was crowded at all times with men, women and children, all eager

A Jungle Convention

to make the most of the opportunities of seeing white folks at close range. At night they stayed until sleepiness forced the missahibs to retire and they had to fairly drive the folks out. There was, of course, no privacy. There was the same poking of fingers in the walls and making peep-holes as in the sahib's house. But it was a comfortable place to stay, and the loving spirit and welcome of the folks made the missahibs feel that they were honored guests.

Another thing which interested Judy greatly was the way the delegates were cared for. A large, shedlike structure, with a flat roof and grass walls, was built around a large, open square. There were no partitions. Each delegation knew its particular spot by the card tacked above the door. Here, between sessions, the folks lived, all huddled together. At night their light was the small tin *batti,* the lamp of Bible times. They are merely little tin vessels with a wick floating in the oil. They smoke dreadfully. It is no wonder that so many folks have sore eyes.

The cooking was done out in the open court in holes in the ground. There were regular shops where provisions and wood might be obtained,

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL

also in temporary quarters. To avoid confusion, the delegations waited their turn, the names of the villages being called in rotation.

The approach of a new delegation was announced by the firing of a gun, and while a great distance off one could hear them singing as they marched in. The native Christian loves to sing. Christianity has given him this medium to express the deep feelings of his heart, and that he feels deeply is shown by the use he makes of it. The last thing Judy heard at night was the singing within the hostels by the native Christians. They pitch their songs very high, singing as loudly as possible. But their vocal apparatus stands the strain amazingly well.

The first service was held that very night, so they all went to the great grass tabernacle erected for the purpose. It was only a great thatch roof, upheld by bamboo posts. It was exceedingly warm inside because it was so low, and so packed with folks—seven hundred of them—white and brown. Judy thought it a charming sight that greeted her eyes. The place was only dimly lighted, with the little *battis,* hundreds of them, set in niches cut in the poles supporting the roof,

and the occasional lanterns the people brought with them. Gay festoons of colored paper and palm branches made the place pretty. It made her think of the home church, all dim, except the Christmas candles among the evergreens. In the front of the room was the platform. The moderator and the clerk sat upon it, before a table, which was covered with a bright scarlet cloth. On either side sat the honored men of the association, and Mr. S. These men were mostly the preachers and evangelists. On a bench in front of the platform sat the six young men who led the singing. They sang the verse through once before it was taken up by the audience. On the ground on clean rice straw sat the delegates, the "lords of creation" in front and their womenfolk toward the back. In the dim light the pretty colors of the jackets and the snowiness of the sarees the women and girls wore made a pretty effect. In the daytime the colors turned gorgeous, and the effect of the cerises, yellows, blues, and greens, became dazzling. The missahibs squatted down on the ground with the women, and became immediately the center of attraction for both sexes, some of them forgetting their

manners entirely and turning their backs on the chair.

Of course Judy could not understand a word of what was spoken. This association was made up of Christian Garos whose homes were on the plains of Assam, but who still kept their own language. Judy could, however, join in the songs as the language is Romanized. Sometimes they pitched it too high for Judy. As she did not know how to sing bass she had to listen. It was a real inspiration to her to realize that these people were lovers of her Lord, too, and interested in the same cause that had brought her to India. Though they could not understand each other's language, there was an understanding of the spirit as they sang and prayed. It was intensely interesting to study these simple hill-folks.

Judy was surprised at the order and system with which the sessions were conducted. With one or two exceptions, when considerable discussion took place, business was quickly disposed of, or referred to committees.

The first session of the day began at six in the morning, lasting until about ten, when the people were given an intermission to eat their rice. The

services were announced by the ringing of a bell. The next service lasted three hours, followed by another recess until the evening service was called. The women's session was of the greatest interest to the missahibs, for at that time the schoolgirls would know whether or not they could go back to Satri Bari for another year. Many of the Garo girls are supported by the poor village women of this district. It was decided that the lassies might go back, and several new ones joined them when they started back to Gauhati.

Three days were spent in this fashion. It was a great revelation to Judy. She rejoiced in their simplicity and sincerity. And there were shadows, too. Judy saw such manifestations of ignorance, poverty, and disease on every hand. Leprosy is very prevalent. Whole villages have been wiped out by this plague. Fifty per cent. of the people are afflicted in some form or other. They know nothing of segregation or other precautions. The Christians often held out leprous hands in greeting. The missahibs used the salaam of India, touching the right hand to the forehead. Judy felt so mean not to shake hands, but it was not safe. In the tabernacle at the

meetings mothers tied their babies to their backs. Sometimes a child fell asleep, his little cheek against a leprous place on the mother's bare back. There were terrible cases of itch, running sores of the most repulsive sort were common, and many were tubercular. After every service the missahibs scrubbed religiously with carbolic soap and hot water. Oh, how these people need the medical missionary. The missahibs had a little store of medicines with them, but like the disciples of old, they cried, "What are these among so many?"

There was a sweet baptismal service in the near-by stream. The candidates knelt in the water, and when immersed, were pushed forward. Of course, the heathen looking on laughed, but in the eyes of the Christians were tears of appreciation and joy.

Mr. S. had several weddings after the association was over, and other business matters between private individuals to settle before he left. The missionary must be ready to meet the people in every need of their lives, and is often administrator and judge as well as teacher of spiritual truth.

The homeward journey was made by stages, much as they had come. It was a weary lot of folks that arrived at last on the friendly mission compound at Satri Bari, for it was hot, and the dust was ankle deep on the roads. Tika gharries were not available as planned, so the last few miles had to be walked. Judy settled down to language study with a greater determination. It had been revealed so plainly the need and the opportunity of the land in which she was to work, and she felt she wanted to get ready to make her contribution as soon as possible. Anew she felt gratitude that God had given her the privilege of a part in helping bring in the kingdom in that corner of India.

IV

SEEING EVEREST

A Darjeeling Experience

A loud thumping on the outside door at the unearthly hour of one o'clock in the morning! Judy sprang out of bed and called: "Right-o! What are the prospects?"

A masculine voice outside in the darkness replied: "Not quite as good as last night. But one can never tell."

Said Judy: "Well, we'll go any way, if I can get the rest awake. Thank you for calling us."

Judy picked up her umbrella and thumped loudly on the floor. This was to awaken Polly and Patty down below. Billy yawned without opening her eyes. Then, blinking furiously at the lamp, she demanded, "What time is it?"

(Billy was Judy's roommate. They were classmates at the B. M. T. S.)

"Half past one, lazy bones. The great day has arrived. We're going to see Everest, maybe!"

Billy yawned again, and snuggled down in the bedclothes. One appreciates bedclothes even in June, when one is seven thousand feet in the air. "Ooooo, I don't believe I want to go. It is beastly chilly." She turned over, but Judy was purposely so noisy in her preparations that Billy called for her dreams in vain. By degrees she got up.

Below Patty had put the kettle on to boil over her indispensable spirit lamp. On the dining-room table was a great plate of ham sandwiches, and a jelly roll left there the night before by the fat, jolly Nepali servant Limbo. Also three bottles of tea and a basket of lunch.

Judy descended for her *chota hazri*. Allie arrived from a neighboring cottage. Patty began to pour the tea, but oh, how thick it was! She forgot to measure the tea.

"Heigho!" shouted Judy. "Patty knew we needed some stimulant for our climb. Wish I had had some of this to pour down Billy's throat a while ago. Bet she would have wakened then. I wonder if she's gone back to bed. Perhaps I had better take some of this stimulant up to her even now."

The tea was doctored with hot water. *Chota hazri* was partaken of in due solemnity, all standing, like the Israelites eating the Passover. Billy appeared when the rest had finished. (She is a "just so" sort of a girl. She had put on a stock and gold cuff-links as finishing touches to her costume. One never knows whom one may meet, even at the top of the world.) They let her eat by herself while the rest of them began collecting the "stuff."

Two rickshaws had been ordered the evening before. Billy tried to order a pony, but was unsuccessful. They decided to share the rickshaw. Two married couples from the villa below had planned to accompany them, and so they took the narrow hedge-bordered path thither. The girls filed out in the starlight, but the shrubbery was so dense that they had to follow each other's white topee, to keep from the perils of a slide on one side and a drain on the other. Hidden somewhere among the bushes was the pool in which the dhoby laundered the household linen. Billy took the lead, being tallest. When they came to the villa there was not a light to be seen or a sound to be heard. A great fear arose in their

minds. "Perhaps they have gone on and left us. Billy is so poky." They descended to the broad road below. Not a sign of life anywhere.

"They cannot have left us," cried Judy. "Come on, Allie, let's go and inquire at headquarters."

They grasped each other's hands, and scrambled up the hill again. They went to Mrs. F.'s first. She had been so keen on going the night before. She and Billy were to share the same rickshaw. A light was burning.

"All aboard for Tiger Hill."

A voice issued from under bedclothes, "My rickshaw didn't come, so I went back to bed."

"Aren't the Campbells going? Mr. Campbell called us."

The Campbell in question answered for himself. "We have changed our minds, too, since there are no vehicles available."

Even Judy was daunted. "Oh, I did think you would go when you came and called us."

"I am sorry, but Mrs. Campbell could never walk the seven miles."

"All right. Here goes the first manless expedition to Tiger Hill. A fig for men!" And Judy

seized her companion's hand, and they scrambled down the hill.

A grave consultation followed. The unanimous opinion was that the trip need not be given up because the masculine element was lacking. The baggage was the big difficulty. They had planned to put it in the rickshaws, and there was no sign of them as yet. They decided not to wait any longer.

"We'll divide it up," said the practical Patty. "When we get to Ghoom we'll find rickshaws, ponies, and coolies to burn."

Billy was exasperated. "These natives are nothing but *budmashes*." (That's Indian for rascal.) "I'll go till I get tired, then I'll sit down on the road until you get back. I'll take care of the sandwiches."

And so the feminine expedition started out. The road, which follows the track of the toy mountain train, glistened white in the starshine. Darjeeling is well lighted. As one looks back on it from this road it looks like a mound of jewels. Judy said it reminded her of Shanghai harbor, if one imagines the dark valley to be the sea. For a long distance are the great arc lights. Judy

A Nepali Temple, Darjeeling

and Patty led, followed by the other three. They walked rapidly while they might, for once the ascent began they would have to go more slowly. Then suddenly the road turned. Darjeeling was lost to view. In front of them was utter darkness and mystery.

"Wish we had asked Mr. Campbell for his flash-light," said Polly.

"Oh, think how unfeminine that would be," said Judy.

"Suppose we should meet a tiger," said Allie.

"I heard of a party once that succeeded in frightening away a tiger by opening and shutting an umbrella in its face," said Patty.

"Good," cried Judy, "I see you have yours. While you do the grand scaring stunt, the rest of us can get out of his way."

Judy put on great bravado, but inwardly she was quaky. So she talked very fast, not being endowed with the ability to whistle. So did the others, and soon the possible tiger was forgotten.

At last the first lights of Ghoom were sighted, and they were a welcome sight. For the last two miles there had been no light on the road, and only an occasional one in some distant tea-garden

in the valley below. Then the arc lights began, and it was not long before the girls came to the railway station in Ghoom. It was brilliantly lighted, but not a human being was in sight. Then, peeking through the window of the telegraph-office, they saw the babu lying on the table fast asleep, undisturbed by the vigorous clicking of the instrument near him. Judy would not let them waken him. He was supposed to be on duty, and would probably be highly insulted should they ask him to look up coolies or rickshaws. Patty suggested they go on, and possibly something would turn up in the town itself.

They passed the Nepali temple by the roadside, gorgeously gaudy in daylight, but spectrally weird in the starlight. The images of the gods seemed grotesquely large and forbidding. Prayer flags were aflutter in the light breeze and from the monastery near-by floated strains of melancholy music. Judy spied some lamas entering a house across the road. She made the dreadful blunder of addressing their reverences on the subject of coolies. They did not understand her. A titter from behind, and she knew her mistake was observed by the rest of the girls.

A solitary horse was tied to a post near the road. Billy went up to examine it, but the horse kicked up his heels. Despite the fact that she was arrayed in stunning riding togs Billy decided she'd prefer to walk.

Then they came to the hostel of the Witch of Ghoom. The "Witch of Ghoom" was an old Thibetan woman who used to beg at the railway station. At her death they found that she had amassed a great fortune, that is, great as wealth is reckoned in India. This money was used to put up this hostel where the Weary Willies of the mountains could get a night's lodging free. The door of the hostel was open, if indeed there was a door. On the bamboo platforms, raised for beds, and all over the stone floor, lay the sleepers, wrapped, mummylike, in their dirty blankets. It was a strange sight.

The girls were in desperate need of a coolie to carry their luggage up the hill, which was but a short distance away. Surely this was the place where one could be had. They began to call, *Coolie monta* and *Admi hi?* It was some time before any response was made. Then an arm was raised, also a knee, a commotion under the

blanket, then a head appeared. It was a woman. She saw the "memsahibs" outside. (All grown women are married ones as a matter of course with them.) Then she heard the magic word "baksheesh." She pommeled the mummy next to her. It sat up, evidently her husband. By this time the other mummies had come to life; one had even found his feet, and stumbled out to find out what the rumpus was all about. Patty was the most fluent in Hindi, but before he finally understood what was wanted they all chimed in with what they knew. He scratched his tousled head, sighed, and said, *Coolie ne hi* ("There are no coolies here"). By this time quite a discussion was on indoors as well, but one by one the mummies fell back in their places on the floor and beds. But the girls were not daunted. They went to the next room. Again they called for a coolie, again the commotion and the discussion. Grimy fists were thrust into sleepy eyes, and finally it dawned upon one weary Willie that this was his golden opportunity. It didn't take him long to get ready; they don't indulge in sleeping suits in the Witch's Hostel. He was loaded with coats, sweaters, lunch-basket, and the thermos

flasks. By this time there were bystanders, having come from no one knows where, as is usual in India, and one of them solemnly warned him to carry the flasks carefully. "It is the memsahibs' rum," said he, and the coolie, duly apprehensive, wrapped them in a cloth and slung them over his left shoulder.

The procession moved on. They reached the base of Tiger Hill, and the climb began in all seriousness. It was still dark. The road led through the woods. Soon the lighting was limited to the glowworms and the fireflies. The girls began to wish dawn would come. Then a lantern was sighted ahead, and they heard voices. Evidently there were other fellow climbers on this terrible hill. The girls took courage. Then it began to grow perceptibly lighter over the mountaintops. The girls began to chatter again. Sleepy birds began asking their mothers what time it was. The horizon still seemed clear of clouds.

There is a stretch of level road past the old fort where so many Tommies are said to have committed suicide because of the extreme loneliness of the post. When the girls reached it, day-

light was almost come. But alas, the horizon now was banked with clouds. Polly said she was going back. But the others told her the sunrise would be worth the effort even though they did not catch a glimpse of the sulky old mountain. Polly pushed Billy backward up the hill. Then it was broad daylight. They were almost at the top, but the last part of the ascent was hardest. Then they caught sight of the pavilion. By one supreme effort they reached the top. There were the usual number of Tommies up there, the usual number of horses, dandies, and coolies. As far as seeing Everest was concerned the outlook was certainly hopeless. The air was sharp and piercing, so they donned extra sweaters before ascending to the roof of the pavilion. On the stone railing surrounding it was a painted diagram to assist the lookers in locating the mountain. There were several Americans up there, a Methodist parson, a missionary doctor, his wife, and two young ladies.

Then in the enthralment of seeing Old Sol appear the folks on the roof of the pavilion forgot all about little Everest. The sun first sent out all his scouts; they put a gilt edge on the fluffy

cloud heads; they spread a pink and lavender veil over the western sky, and gave the foliage a sheen like that of green velvet. Below was a sea of cloud, with golden islands floating in it. Rainbow bridges spanned the intervening spaces, from mountain to mountain. The birds suddenly stopped their singing; all nature seemed a tiptoe in anticipation. Then, having been thus gloriously heralded, Old Sol came forth, splendid in his dazzling chariot, with crimson banners floating grandly after him. The birds burst into applause, but the human mites watching the miracle were silenced for very wonder.

Then the girls began to realize how cold their feet were. Thus ever are we humans brought low from our sublime experiences. They began to think of breakfast, too, and decided to go down and eat it before the fireplace in the room below. But the fire was a delusion. How can one have a fire in the wilderness if one's coolie doesn't know where to find wood? Judy had quite a time even locating the coolie in the first place; in their haste they had forgotten to label him. They found him in the little wash-room looking at himself in the cracked mirror there, tilting his head

at various angles, shifting his ragged hat for different effects, alternately grinning and making faces, having the time of his life. Probably this was the first time he had seen himself as others see him. He started with embarrassment when discovered and produced the basket and thermos flasks in a twinkle. The lunch was much appreciated—hard-boiled eggs, ham sandwiches, fragrant hot tea, and a jelly roll make a breakfast not to be despised anywhere.

Then Billy, who was leaning against a window as she munched a sandwich, straightened suddenly, and exclaimed, "Look, girls, isn't that a mountain peak jutting out of the cloud?" Sure enough, a snow-capped peak had stuck his glistening head out of his fleecy blanket. The clouds were shifting, and soon old Kinchenjunga, second only to Everest, was in full view with his train of smaller peaks around him. The girls ascended to the roof. The Methodist parson explained that the peak first seen was the one on the right of Everest. Everest seems to be guarded on either side by a sister peak, the group being known as the "The Three Sisters." Then a tiny white rim was seen farther away, and as

The Snow Peaks in the Morning Light
Darjeeling

they watched they could see it grow, looking for all the world like a baby's new tooth. Then the third Sister Peak appeared, and the cloud curtains were held apart for about fifteen minutes, and then slowly drawn. Billy forgot her aching bones, Judy thought they might have seen it on a previous trip had they looked in the right direction, Patty congratulated the expedition on having seen the old peak on the very first trip. Polly was sure the folks in the valley would never believe that the manless expedition had been successful. They all agreed that it would give their home folks a thrill at least to think that their daughters and sisters had actually gazed upon the world's highest mountain.

On the homeward trip they paired off. Judy found herself far ahead of the others. She was having a fine conversation with the missionary doctor, and they had struck off at a lively pace. When they came to the road to the fort, they waited until the Methodist parson joined them, and there they parted company. Judy strolled down the fresh, dewy road alone, looking back occasionally to see if the rest were coming. Soon she was on the main road to Ghoom, and she de-

cided to wait for the rest of them in the station waiting-room, for the plan was to take the morning train into Darjeeling, the very mention of whose name suggested the snowy Himalayas.

The activities of the sleepy little mountain village in preparation for the new day were intensely interesting to Judy. An old woman counting her beads with one hand, and swinging her prayer-wheel over her head with the other, grinned at Judy as she passed. Dirty, ragged urchins paused in the midst of their game of jacks to say salaam to the memsahib; the shopkeepers were spreading their wares for the day's trade, in vast variety, varying from mangoes to china buttons and wonderful jackets made in England for gay mountain lassies; processions of lamas with inscrutable faces passed on the way to their devotions on the top of a near-by hill; poky gharry wallahs were fumbling putting the yokes on the unwilling oxen who were trying to snatch at the stray bunches of grass along the roadside during the process. Twice she was accosted by wandering, saffron-cloaked holy men who were already abroad with their begging-bowls in search for breakfast, while near-by a Nepali

mother was vigorously scrubbing a lusty-voiced offspring.

Judy found the station entirely empty. She went to the ladies' waiting-room, bathed her face in cold water from the tap, and lay down on the table for a wee nap. There the girls found her a few moments later. They were all strangely subdued as they sat on the bench outside waiting for the train, watching the motley procession passing before them. In this parade were lamas of various ranks, Bhutias, Chinese, Lepchas, Nepalis, Eurasians, Bengalee babus, Tommies, and ragged children.

Soon the train pulled in with much fussing and noise. Among them the girls had only enough money for third-class tickets after paying the coolie. Allie, Polly, and Patty found seats among the natives in the open compartment. There were no other seats except those marked second class, Judy told the guard, and he said they might enter a certain second-class compartment. " You see there are no cushions," he explained. So Judy and Billy rode into Darjeeling " second class minus cushions."

The last lap of the way home was up the pri-

vate driveway to the house. They walked slowly, and Judy declared she had real blisters under her feet. They were glad to get home, though not a mite sorry that they had gone. That afternoon the whole five of them were at the "At Home" tea-party down in the parlor, and no one would have recognized them as the adventuresses of the wee hours.

V

ADVENTURES IN OX-CARTS

Suppose you should wake up some night and find that instead of being in your own comfortable bed you were in a stuffy ox-cart, on a strange road in a strange, far-off land; that your only companions were the Hindu driver and a Mohammedan servant to whom you could not speak? Would you call it an adventure? Well, Judy felt it was, for that was exactly the situation with her after she had been in India about two months. "Don't they take better care of new missionaries than that?" I hear you ask. All adventures have reasons, so did Judy's.

It was fully decided that Judy must go to Conference. The rest of the missionary family wanted to meet her, and, of course, she was anxious to meet them. At the last moment no one could go with her. The missionary families of the general board had gone on before for committee meetings. But there was no danger in her going alone, for the Mohammedan servant

was trustworthy, and carts from Nowgong would be waiting, as per their telegram, when she got off the train.

They took the evening train, and Judy had a compartment all to herself. The train guard was a Eurasian, and so she could talk with him in English. She stretched out on the long couch, and went to sleep knowing that the servant would rouse her when they arrived at Kampur. He was riding third class with the other natives, according to the usual practise.

They reached Kampur about midnight. The servant called her, put out the baggage, having found coolies to lift off her steamer trunk, which contained, besides her dresses, the Gauhati school exhibit. Then he disappeared in the darkness to look for the carts they were expecting. On the station platform lay huddled the figures of natives swaddled in blankets, sleeping sonorously, almost immediately after they had again lain down after the train had rumbled away. Judy walked back and forth in front of the station as far as the station-master's single lantern made the path visible. The moon had not yet risen. Presently the bearer reappeared to report that

there were no carts and that none had come in from Nowgong that day.

At first it seemed as if they would have to stay all night right there in the station. Judy appealed to the station-master who could speak a little English. He took off his little round, red hat, and scratched his head as he considered. Could the memsahib spend the night in the dak-bungalow? That was not practical because the folks at Nowgong had told Judy that she did not need to bring her bedding. They would send blankets for the ride in the carts. Then he wondered if, perchance, in the neighboring village some one might not have a cart they would send. The bearer was dispatched to find out. But he came back saying he could not rouse any one. By this time there were other men awake, and with the station-master's help, Judy said she would give a cartman an extra rupee, and the man who brought him would get a baksheesh of eight annas. Judy had not yet learned the value in Indian money. Eight annas was but fifteen cents. But it was a day's wages to the man who volunteered to help, and he went gladly.

An hour passed. Not a sound to break the

stillness save the snores of the sleepers and the clicking of the telegraph-instrument inside. Then the moon rose, and Judy walked up and down the gravel stretch by the station, making out the constellations, which seemed like old friends. The night was misty, but the near-by palms cut a pleasing silhouette in the moonshine.

With a rattle and a creak and loud talking in Hindustani the equipage finally arrived. The coolie exulted over his success and rubbed the eight-anna piece gleefully in his palm. The babu came out and talked with the group, and then told her that a man had been found who would go in to Nowgong eighteen miles away for the extra rupee. But there was only one cart. They are small enough for a person to lie in, but she would have to share the room with her trunk. But it was the best they could do, so the coolie carried the trunk across the tracks on his head, asking for an extra anna for his trouble.

The trunk was placed on its long end on one side, and Judy, spreading her coat over the straw, crawled in, rolling her sweater for a pillow and using her steamer-rug for cover. There was nothing to brace her feet against, so she had to

double up like a jack-knife to keep from slipping out. (The carts have but two wheels, in the center.) There were no springs, and the matting top was low, making the cart stuffy. She was in constant fear that a sudden jolt would send the trunk falling on top of her. The servant put his box of belongings on the seat beside the driver, and climbed up upon it. Presently he curled up like a caterpillar, and was sound asleep. With a flourish of the wooden prodder, a twisting of the oxen's tails, a lurch and a creak, they were off on their eighteen-mile joy-ride.

She could not sleep at first. The novelty and discomfort of the situation kept her awake. She wondered what her mother would think of the situation. Then she wondered if the driver knew the road. They had told her that as far as the natives were concerned she would personally be safe. How thankful she was that she was under the protection of the English. The cart jolted along. She reflected that she was being taught the physiography of Assam by the Montesorri method. At last she began to doze, to be awakened by a sudden lurch of the cart and a volley of explosive Hindustani. So the night wore on.

Suddenly, she awakened to find the sun in her face. She sat up in the cart and tried to smooth out her hair. Then she realized how curious the villagers on a country road in Assam could be. They stopped stock-still and stared and stared. It annoyed her. She had nothing to hang over the back of the cart as a curtain. She was so stiff and sore she could hardly move. Finally, she made the bearer understand by her fragmentary Assamese that she wanted to get out of the cart. The cart stopped with a jolt. She clambered out. It was so much better to walk! The world about her was dazzlingly beautiful in the morning sunshine.

After about three hours they entered a larger place, where the houses were bigger, and the people more numerous. The bearer told her they were in Nowgong. A little girl, who was carrying schoolbooks, said, "Salaam, Missahib," and the bearer guessed she went to the mission school. She walked along beside Judy, a willing guide, though they could communicate only by smiles. Soon many other children joined them. Then they turned into the green lane between the two compounds, and the buildings of the mission were

in sight, close at hand. Soon she heard hymns in English issuing from the little church and knew that Conference was in session. Miss H., a training-school classmate of Judy's, came out to meet her. They had not met for years, not since their graduation night.

It seemed that the carts had gone to Chapparmukh to meet Judy instead of Kampur. In those carts were bedding, a note, and lunch. Judy said she was glad for the experience, and that the journey was at an end. Judy found a royal welcome into the missionary family.

The Second Adventure

The second adventure was more thrilling. Judy acquired by it a reputation—having made the run between Nowgong and Kampur in record time, held up the King's Mail twenty minutes, and prevented an elopement!

Can you stop en route Jorhat in Nowgong and bring a girl with you to Furkating? Letter follows.

This was the telegram Judy received the evening she was packing preparatory to leaving the next day for Jorhat to help in evangelistic meet-

ings there. Judy wrote "Yes" on the prepaid slip, and the message sped back to the sender. So she found herself again at Kampur, with another eighteen-mile ox-cart ride before her. But this time there were carts and lunch.

The letter had come, explaining that the girl concerned would have to leave the Nowgong school, having broken the rule forbidding clandestine correspondence with boys. The young man in the case was not a desirable match for her, and it was thought best to send her away at once until she forgot her would-be lover. Her guardian had planned that she should be educated for a teacher, and now this "upstart of a man" was spoiling everything.

Judy had almost completed her first year in India at this time. The ride into Nowgong was uneventful and comfortable, because she had left her baggage in the station-master's care. She slept fairly well on the way in. They arrived in Nowgong about ten the next morning, in time for breakfast. The bearer was dispatched to arrange for fresh oxen for the return trip, which was to be taken at once. But it was three o'clock before he brought back a cart. There were only

seven hours until train time. The usual rate for ox-carts is a mile and a half an hour. But Judy thought it worth trying. She would keep the old gharry wallah humping. It was possible that the train would be late. Any way, if she stayed, the lover in the case would find it out and there might be an elopement. It was quite exciting.

The girl did not know she was going home. The matron had packed her things and brought them out into the cart before they called her from her classes and told her she was to go home with the missahib. In a few moments Judy, the girl, and her baggage were all in the cart, they were well curtained, and on their way. It was stifling hot, but the curtains could not be lifted, for some one might recognize the girl and bring her lover word. As it was, the curtains did not create suspicion; for purdah women in India are always curtained when traveling. Judy kept urging the driver with promises of baksheesh, and the driver kept urging the oxen on by means of his prod. The girl fell asleep and made no trouble. The driver kept talking to some one who was walking beside the cart. It seemed to Judy that they were only crawling. It became dark. Judy became

alarmed, and the driver started his oxen running at every promise of baksheesh. Judy reflected what she would do if the oxen should suddenly collapse under the unwonted strain. She would then have them to pay for, besides the responsibility of the girl on the lonely road, no one knew how far from a village, with jungle on both sides. She thought, too, of the tigers that had been killed on this very road. How lively one's imagination can become! And how true it is that our worst troubles never happen. Suddenly the cart stopped, and the driver said they were at Kampur.

Judy helped the girl out, and called coolies to carry her baggage into the station. The two hurried to the station to see what time it was. There was still fifteen minutes to spare. Judy went to purchase the tickets and found that she had left the purse in the cart. Keeping the girl close to her she searched the cart, but the search revealed what she had feared, that money she had none. Judy had put the purse under her pillow. It had either dropped out along the way or it had been stolen. Here was a new dilemma!

Judy told the ticket-agent her trouble. He said

there was a school inspector in the dak-bungalow near-by that night. Judy thought that in her extremity she might ask him. He would probably know her. The ticket-agent promised to hold the train if it should arrive before her return. It had already been reported fifteen minutes late.

The dak-bungalow was dark. Judy called for the chokidar, or caretaker. He came running from the cook-house behind the bungalow. Judy asked him if there was a sahib there. He told her there was. Would he call him? Whereupon the chokidar fell on his knees asking her not to insist on his doing that as the sahib had laid very strict orders upon him that under no circumstances should he be disturbed. He had to take the early morning train to Gauhati. Judy bade him get up. "You call him, and I'll make it all right with him and give you baksheesh besides."

Tremblingly the chokidar obeyed. In reply to his pounding on the door, a voice from within called out, "What's wanted?" Before the chokidar could reply Judy spoke up, saying she was in trouble and might she see him a moment. Soon he appeared, and Judy told the circumstances. It proved to be a Eurasian telegraph-

clerk instead of school inspector, but he was a perfect gentleman. But he had only enough money to get to Gauhati, and he must go on that particular train to keep the appointment. He suggested that Judy demand that the ticket-agent give her the tickets on credit. He promised not to scold the chokidar.

Judy and the girl went back to the station to act on the telegraph-clerk's advice. At first the ticket-agent was hesitant, but finally, when Judy gave him the mission secretary as reference, and made a written memo of the matter, he gave her the tickets on the understanding that it was to be paid for within the next two days.

The train was now reported an hour late. Judy walked up and down in front of the station as before, keeping her eye on the girl, who was seated on her little tin trunk. The natives, waiting for the train, had all settled themselves for a nap.

Then the train came in. Judy motioned to coolies to take the baggage. The girl said something to the coolies, which Judy did not catch. Then she followed Judy to the compartment. On the way a strange man stepped up and spoke to

Plowing in the Rice-fields, Assam

Transplanting Paddy, Assam

the girl. Judy became suspicious. When asked who the man was the girl replied simply, "I do not know." When they were in the compartment Judy noticed the girl's things had not been brought. So she gave orders to have them brought. She turned to the girl and asked her why the things had been left behind, but she only smiled. Judy did not like the incident of the man speaking to her, but now that the girl was on the train nothing more could happen. Judy arranged the baggage. Just as the train began to move, the girl said suddenly, "Missahib, I am going out." Scarcely had she spoken before she vanished in the darkness.

Judy became alarmed. She jumped off the train and called. The train was moving faster. But the guard had not yet jumped on. She told him he must stop the train a moment. A girl had been lost. The train came to a sudden standstill. Everybody was excited. Everybody started a search, for they all seemed to know what had happened. Judy went back to the station to where the carts were that had brought them in. There, just as she had thought, was the young lady. Her lover was there, too, and

they were calmly preparing to go back in the same carts. They were so absorbed that they had not noticed that the train had stopped. Later Judy found out that the lover had been with them all the way, having overtaken them on his bicycle, and he it was with whom the driver had been conversing in Hindustani all the way in. It was he, also, who had spoken to the girl on the station platform.

Judy seized the girl's arm. "You must come with me."

"I won't," said the girl, "I won't!"

The young man grasped the girl's other arm, and pulled her. Judy realized that their combined strength was greater than hers.

"Help, Help!"

The station babus and trainmen came rushing to the rescue. The boy kept repeating, in broken English, phrases he had evidently borrowed from his high-school reading:

"She's my wife. Don't take my sweetheart away. Nothing shall separate us, dear. Darling, if you leave me I will die!" He embraced and kissed her wildly.

The Indians were very much disgusted. Such

actions are as unlike them as possible. They were not in the least sentimental. They seized the boy. The girl clung to him, and the two fought like tigers. The guards dragged the girl to the compartment, but she resisted every inch of the way. At last they shoved her in so roughly that Judy was afraid that they had hurt her. They locked her in with Judy. The station men held the young men, who said he would jump on the train and follow her to the ends of the earth.

The whole performance had held up the train for twenty minutes, so they started promptly. The girl lay prone and stiff crosswise the seat with her head out of the open window. Finally, Judy forced her to lie down on the couch seat, and closed the window. Judy lay down on the opposite one, but dared not sleep. The girl was desperate enough to have jumped out of the window. Besides, about midnight when the train stopped at Lomding, Judy expected a Bible-woman to get on, who was to accompany her to Jorhat. The guard promised to find her so Judy would not have to get off the train. He was very solicitous, looking in at every stop to see that all was right. The Bible-woman got on as they had

arranged, and spread her mat on the floor of the compartment. Judy was wakeful the rest of the night. She was glad the young fellow had not tried in the jungle road to get the girl. He might even have had a company of rough-necks with him. Well, the girl was safe, and she would not be sorry when her responsibility for her ceased.

The next morning they ate the remains of the lunch Judy had taken with her from Nowgong. This was shared by all three, as the other two had nothing with them. They reached Furkating in the middle of the morning. The missionary was there to take charge of the girl, and he furnished Judy with money for the rest of the trip.

To go to Jorhat one must take a little narrow-gage train at Tetabar. The little train waits for the mail as a rule. But that day the little train could not wait the delayed train. It meant an all-day stay at Tetabar. Neither Judy or the Bible-woman had anything to eat with them. They had not money enough to go on to the next station where there is a refreshment-room. They tried to buy from the refreshment-car on the train on which they came, but they had nothing to spare. She inquired of some natives at the

station if there were a bazaar near-by, but there was no bazaar in that community save on certain days, and this day was not one of them. So there was nothing to do but go into the station waiting-room and wait until they got to Jorhat that evening for something to eat. The Bible-woman said: "Never mind, Missahib. One don't often have the chance to suffer for Jesus' sake." Judy telegraphed the folks at Jorhat, and they both lay down on the hard, rattan couches, and were soon fast asleep. Judy had not slept for two nights, and the excitement of the preceding day had made her exceedingly weary.

At five the next train on the little railway came back. They reached Jorhat about eight. The Bible-woman had her rice and curry at the native pastor's house. Judy enjoyed the good meal with her friends in the mission bungalow.

What became of the girl? She stayed quietly at home with her married sister for a time, in the meantime deciding that she did not really care for the young man. Later she was sent to another school, where she finished with honors, later becoming a teacher on the staff of the new school at Golaghat. The young man received a public

flogging at the high school, and promised not to bother the girl again. Later he married another young lady in Nowgong, closing the romance.

It is hard for the Christian young people of India to adjust themselves to the ways of Christian living. In the matter of making their choice of life mates they hardly know how to proceed, not wanting to have a go-between act for them as the heathen do, and yet not quite knowing the proper Christian way to go about it. But they are learning, and it will take patience and understanding and protection on the part of the missionaries who are entrusted with these young lives. As a rule the Christian young people choose each other, the homes are happy and Christianity is lived out, each home being in itself an object lesson to the non-Christians round about it.

VI

JUST FOLKS

Away back in the beginning of time the white race lived between the two great rivers of Asia Minor, the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Lord smiled on the white race, and it grew numerous and strong. It grew very wealthy, too, as wealth was counted in those days. By and by there were so many of them, and they had so many flocks and herds, that there was no longer room enough in the little strip of land that lay between the two rivers. So, just naturally, they spilled over on the other sides of both rivers. As the centuries went on they went farther afield, until there was a distinct partition in the family. One part went west, across the plains of Europe, gradually working northward, and then, not so very long ago, some of these same folks came over to America, the ancestors of the people of America today. The other half of the family were led by the lure of pasturelands gradually farther and farther east, until some of them set-

tled in the fertile valleys of the Indus, the Ganges, and the Brahmaputra in India. There was only one difference between the folks who went west and the folks that went east. We do not know just why God planned it to be so. The Saviour came and was made known to the people who went west first. I wonder what we would have been like if the gospel had gone east first. I wonder if those folks would have been as slow about letting the rest of the family know as we have been.

These people are the high-caste people of modern northern India. Judy soon found out that there was much in common between her and the women of Assam. The difference is one of clothes and opportunity. At heart the folks out there are just like us.

Do you wonder what an American girl like Judy found to talk about when she visited the little women in the zenanas? Well, you'd be surprised. They talked about the very same things that women folks in America talk about when they visit each other. There are always chubby babies in the zenanas. One always finds a number of women, the wives of the head of the house,

the wives of the sons, daughters, granddaughters, aunts, grandmothers, and servant women. One of the women is worried about her little one. According to the Hindu calendar it should have six teeth, but it has actually only three. Does the missahib think that the child is going to be abnormal? Has she any pills that will make the child's teeth come faster? Or perhaps, the child is slow about talking. The little mother wants medicine for that, too. They think the women of the West know everything. Then there is granny, all crippled up with rheumatism, sitting on her mat in the corner, moaning with pain. Sweet little old lady she is, with snowy hair and wrinkled face. Judy loves these old women, they have seen so much of hardship. Many of them call themselves her granny; having found out that Judy's grandmothers died when she was little they wanted to adopt her. How Judy wishes she had a magic wand to cure the rheumatism of all the old folks in India. The earthen floors are very damp.

Then they take Judy out to see the new calf. That is a great treasure. The Hindu worships the cow. Then there is the fluffy brood of new

chicks. They look just like little chickens at home. There is the cloth, usually of silk, in the loom in the weaving-shed that must be admired. Its silken sheen and gloss is always a source of wonder to Judy. When Judy compliments them on it, they shake their heads and tell her she should have seen the silk they used to weave before the war, when the silk thread was not so high as now. They must be content now with an inferior quality.

Judy always wears as much of her own jewelry as possible when she visits these homes. India is the land of jewels. The women delight to wear it. It represents the wealth of the family. Every woman has her jewels. The coolie and sweeper women have trinkets of brass, pewter, and glass. The wealthy have gold and gems. The women are fond of handling their jewels, and it isn't long before the jewel-boxes come out for Judy's inspection.

Then they tell her, sometimes, about a wedding they have recently attended. A wedding is a big event in the life of a Hindu family. It is a religious occasion. Their ceremonies are very elaborate and last for days. Everybody can

come. They are expensive affairs, though that varies with the standing of the family. There are a certain number of Brahmin priests, besides the priests of the two families concerned. There are relatives that must be invited. All these are entertained at the expense of the two families. All invited guests receive a gift. Then there are the gifts of betrothal, and the dowry of the bride to be provided. Many a family is in debt because of the splendors of some wedding two or three generations back. The little women can tell Judy just how the bride was dressed, what presents she had received, what relatives were present, how many Brahmins attended the ceremony, and all the details, as minutely as girls at home describe their friends' weddings.

Then there is the troublesome woman living next door. "Missahib, she is always saying mean things about me. She tells big lies. I think she is jealous of me. What would you do?"

Judy smiles, as she thinks of similar stories heard way back home. "Well, I think I should ignore her entirely. By and by she will get tired of it, if she finds you do not care."

If it is Judy's first visit, about this time they

begin to cross-question her. She is as strange to them as they are to her, and they want to know about her, too. They ask her if she has a father and mother.

"Yes, my father and mother are both living back home in America."

"That's a long way from here. And you came all the way here leaving your father and mother. How old are they?"

"Oh, they are about as old as granny here."

"Didn't your mother hate to have you come so far away?" And there are tears in the questioner's eyes. To her distance is a big, fearsome thing. Mothers are often unwilling to let their daughters come to the mission school an hour's distance away. They feel that they are going to lose their girls forever. The outside world is full of unknown terrors and dangers.

Judy answers: "Yes, mother was sorry that I had to come so far away. But, on the other hand, mother has a great Friend, and a great peace in her life that you do not know. She is glad I am here to tell you about it."

They look at her, but say nothing for a moment. Then they begin on the rest of Judy's

family, asking names, ages, occupations. Then they turn to her.

"Missahib, how old are you?"

That is a poser. According to their standards Judy would be considered very old, old enough to be a grandmother.

So Judy answers, "In my country it isn't the custom for women to tell their ages."

"How interesting;" they say. They are satisfied with the answer. It is the one they give when they do not wish to tell anything, or do not know the reason for certain things.

"Do you mind if we guess your age?" is the next question. They hope maybe that she will inadvertently let the cat out of the bag.

"No, not at all. I should be interested to know how old you think I am."

They come close and look at her hair. Fortunately she has no gray hairs. Then they say, after sizing her up, "Well, we think you are about sixteen."

The next question is, "Where is your sahib?" They mean her husband.

Judy tells them she has none and their faces express their astonishment.

"Surely you are joking, Missahib. A big girl like you must be married."

"No, I have never been married."

They look at her in amazement. "What is the matter? Doesn't your father love you?"

"Of course he loves me."

"Then why hasn't he procured a man for you?"

Then Judy explains the difference in the customs in her country. Girls do not marry so young. And when a girl does marry, often dad has nothing to say about the man she is to marry.

At that they raise their hands in horror. They think a girl does not know enough to pick out her own husband. The village barber does it for her!

Then Judy goes on to say that there are many women in America who never marry at all. It does not make any difference in their social standing either.

This is too much for them to take in. (There are no old maids in India except the missionary missahibs.) They shake their heads as if to give up trying to explain these strange white women.

Sometimes, after Judy has visited in a home

many times, they say to her, "Missahib, tell us your religious words." That is their way of asking for a gospel story. They crowd around her, and look up into her face. Oh, these women are so lovable. Attractive? Dainty? Ah, yes, and some of them have the faces of Madonnas. They are as fair as the Italians, with beautiful black eyes and hair, and delicate features.

Judy tells them of the Saviour who loves women, and what his coming has done for women the world over. Tears are often in their eyes as they listen.

Often, when she is about to leave, they say: "Missahib, we should like so much to see the inside of your house. They tell us your house is so different from ours. Can we come and see you some time?"

So the missionary missahibs arrange for "purdah parties" at intervals. "Purdah" is the word for "curtain" and has come to mean, in common parlance, the whole system of secluding women.

Judy goes to the heads of the houses and asks if their women folk may attend a party on a certain afternoon. They never commit them-

selves. That is not the Indian way. Instead they say, "If the gods permit." And they must be assured that their women shall run no risk of being seen by men. The missahib assures them that there is no danger, as there won't be a man on the place.

Usually the gods are kind. The women come in great numbers, in the wooden ox-carts, ten women often in one cart. They are dressed in their best—dainty silken garments, often embroidered in solid gold thread and gems. They wear their finest jewelry, and dainty draperies of pale pastel colors. They have spent hours on their hair to make it marcel properly on their foreheads. They are all aflutter with excitement. It is a big day in their lives, to be talked about afterwards for months. Those who have been at former purdah parties tell the others what they may expect. The first part of the party is held in the big kindergarten room, a place that is a wonderland to them, with the pictures, curtains, plants, and goldfish. The schoolgirls are the reception committee. To look at these girls, and realize that a year ago they came out of her jungle home without the knowledge of the things

our girls at home know by instinct, so shy that when spoken to they hid their faces in their sarees, and gave their teachers no end of trouble before they found their voices to recite in school, then one is convinced that it is worth while to give these girls opportunities, for they take polish well. After the women have settled down a bit, refreshments are passed by a high-caste girl. They cannot take anything from the hands of the Christians because they have no caste at all. These refreshments consist of spices, bits of cinnamon bark, cloves, licoriceroot, anise-seed, and lemon-seed. Also they can take bananas or oranges, for these are protected by their skins. The girls entertain the guests with stories, folk-songs, and dramatization.

Sometimes the stereopticon gives them the afternoon's entertainment.

First, there are pictures of their own country. Most of the women have never been on a journey outside their own town. They are shown Calcutta with its big buildings and trolley-cars; they see a train for the first time; they see the wonderful scenery of various parts of India, gazing in wonder at the snow-capped Himalayas,

though, of course, they haven't the faintest idea of what snow is really like. They are interested in the various types of people found within the borders of India, and in the marble palaces of the Mogul emperors. They sigh with delight when they are shown that exquisite gem of architecture, the Taj Mahal, monument to the affection of the old Mohammedan king for his Christian wife. (He had a hundred and twenty-five wives, so the story goes, some of whom were Hindu, some Mohammedan, but his favorite was a Christian from Persia. For her, too, he built the famous Jasmine Tower in the palace in Agra.)

Then the little women are taken to England. The picture of the king and queen is thrown on the sheet. They murmur softly, saying, "Our king, our queen." They ask to have the names repeated again and again. They can say "Mary," but "George" is a little beyond their linguistic powers. Then they see Buckingham Palace, where the king lives, and Westminster Abbey, where the king goes to church. They are impressed when Judy tells them the king is a Christian. Then are shown the little thatched

cottages of rural England, and the Indian women squeal with delight to find that in England too they have straw roofs.

Sometimes a few pictures from the Bible are shown. That depends on the personnel of the party. Sometimes they ask for those pictures themselves.

Then they are taken over to the bungalow and turned loose.

"May we touch anything we like?" is their first question.

"Yes, anything you like."

They thump on the piano keys. Some of them have never seen one before. Judy sits down and plays a tune for them, much to their delight. Then Judy puts a record on the victrola. They come scrambling to see where the music comes from, looking inside, outside, and under it. They are very fond of a "Laughing Song." Sometimes they ask for it again and again, sitting on the floor in groups, and joining in the laugh of the singer.

They go into the dining-room and try Judy's chairs. If the table is set they handle the knives and forks and say to each other, "My,

wouldn't you think they would hurt their mouths with these awful things?" One day some of them peeked into Judy's cupboard. Judy had a nice set of dishes. They were not Haviland, but pretty nice. Judy only used them on state occasions. One of the little aristocrats said to another: "The missahibs are not so rich as I thought. They have nothing but earthen ware here." In India, rich folks dine off brass.

They go into the bedroom and try Judy's bed. They do not like it. It is too soft. "My, how hot these beds must be!" And Judy says they are right about that, especially in July and August.

One day they discovered Judy's bathroom. It was a little room about six feet square, with a cement floor, and a hole near the wall for the water to run off. It had the usual bathroom equipment found in India, mostly the big earthen water-jar and a dipper. One of the women turned to Judy with a strange expression. "I am so glad to find out that you people bathe. We didn't think you did." Kim, in Kipling's book by that name, expressed his opinion that as a class "the English are rather dirty."

The inspection of the bungalow finished, they usually ask to see the dormitories. They are much interested in all they see, particularly that our girls are taught domestic science, with real meals to cook, and real babies to practise on. Domestic science was taught in foreign countries by the missionaries before it was taught to American girls. The matron usually takes the women on the tour of inspection in the dormitories. One day the matron at Golaghat was showing some of the Brahmin women about. They came to the cook-houses. Now in India the kitchen is often in a separate house. It is the sanctum sanctorum of the family. That is where their gods are worshiped, and their private affairs discussed. One could scarcely commit a worse breach of etiquette than to go into another person's cook-house, especially among high-caste people. So the women turned as if to go. The matron suggested that they could see the cook-houses if they wished. But they hesitated and said they didn't care about it. But she knew they were aching to peep into them. So she explained that there was no one in them, and it would be perfectly all right for them to

see the inside. "Are you sure the missahib wouldn't be very angry?" She assured her that Christians did not feel about their cook-houses as Hindus do. So their curiosity got the better of their manners, and they went in. The matron told Judy that night, in great glee, that they had expressed surprise to find that the Christians kept their cook-houses as clean as their own.

The first step in reaching folks in India, as in America, is to prove to them that you are folks, too. One afternoon Judy was amused to hear an old woman say to another, after Judy had sent away some men who wanted to attend the women's meeting: "Why, she's just like us. She's bashful in front of the men."

There is a great awakening among the women of India. Their husbands and sons have been away to war, and they saw the women of the West while there. They have come to see a bigger possibility in real home life and developed womanhood. The little women have caught the idea. All over India they are organizing clubs for the purpose of self-improvement.

One day Judy received a communication from the Honorable Gansayam Borua, the biggest man

A Mohammedan Woman

in Assam. He belongs to the best family in the province, is a prominent barrister, and is a member of the viceregal council. He was educated in England, and is much in advance of his time in many ways. It was an invitation to attend a meeting in his home on the afternoon of Good Friday. The girls and teachers of the school were invited, too. Judy accepted. Good Friday came. Judy and her associate, with two of the teachers, set out in the rain. Judy did not take the girls, not knowing what kind of a meeting it was going to be. It was exceedingly disagreeable; the mud was thick on the road, and Judy lost her rubbers twice. The ponies had been out on an errand, so they needed to be rested. It was rather a long walk. Once they were on the point of turning back, thinking it would be of no use to go on, for in such weather there would not be many out. But courtesy to the Honorable Gansayam was due. When they came in sight of the lawyer's house, a fine structure of red brick, with a lawn in front of it, they saw that there were many carts there.

They were ushered into a big room full of dainty Indian women, Hindu and Mohammedan.

They were buzzing and talking as women in America do before a meeting. The wife of the lawyer came forward to greet them, giving them chairs in front. They brought garlands and hung them around their necks, and sprinkled rose-water over them, in the fashion of the Orient. Then a little woman came forward, and clapping her hands, called the meeting to order. The women subsided on their chairs. Then she explained to them the purpose of the meeting. She told them of the self-improvement societies organized by women all over India. They had been called together to organize such a club, too, if it was their pleasure. She asked for a show of hands. Every hand in the room was raised.

Then they went on to organize. Judy was amazed at her. She explained that every organization must have a president, a vice-president, a secretary, and a treasurer. To facilitate matters she would appoint a committee to go out and decide who their officers should be.

The committee was appointed, and retired to prepare a list of nominees. While they were gone some schoolgirls entertained the company with singing. The committee returned, made

their recommendations, and the persons suggested were duly elected. Sarola, one of the Christian teachers, was elected secretary. The little chairwoman said that if they were to succeed they must forget racial and religious distinctions, and work together as women. Then she turned to Judy, and said: "Missahib, you have been with us many days. We feel that you love our women and girls. You are very wise. We want you to be a member of our club and act as our lecturer. Come to our meetings and tell us the things that women ought to know." And Judy accepted. She didn't dare refuse! Here was a great opportunity, as well as a great honor.

Then they had a program. With amazing intelligence they set forth in array the conditions in India which were handicapping her womanhood and against which they must militate. There were talks against child marriage, against the zenana system, against the custom of forbidding widows to remarry. They spoke strongly on the point that the reason women in India had so long submitted to these things was that they were not intelligent. Their daughters must be educated like the girls of the West. It was up

to them, the mothers, to see to it that nothing kept their daughters from having an education. They outlined a curriculum, too. Judy got out her little black note-book and jotted down some of the things they said. She received an insight into the latent potentialities among these women who, though they had never been to school in their lives, most of them had poise and intelligence in an amazing degree. India's women are coming into their own through their own efforts.

Many high-caste girls come to our mission schools these days. Respecting their prejudices, carriages or busses are sent for the older girls that they may not have to walk the streets. The first time the Golaghat bus returned from taking the girls home, the driver came to Judy in great distress.

"We are going to have no end of trouble with that school bus," said he.

"Why? What has happened?" asked Judy.

"Oh, just as soon as the girls are out of sight of their own houses, they pull up the curtains and are seeing everything along the road!"

Judy laughed. In her heart she shouted,

"Hurrah for those girls." But to him she said: "Don't worry. We have provided the curtains. If they won't use them, it isn't our fault."

But that is characteristic of the Indian woman today. She peeks through every crack she can find. She makes long slits in her curtains. Yes, and in some places she is boldly leaving the zenana to walk the streets—and she isn't veiled either. Of course there is much criticism, and much head-wagging over the new obstreperousness of the women, but they are going to win out, these brave little pioneers. Yes, the women are looking into the light of a new day with clear, steady, unashamed eyes. Judy rejoiced in the privilege that was hers in helping a little bit in finding for them the trail.

VII

THE FUNNY SIDE OF MISSIONARY LIFE

Judy had only been in Assam two days when Miss H. announced that her language teacher had been engaged and was waiting outside for an introduction. "He speaks English, so you will be able to talk with him." There on the veranda stood the floppiest little gentleman Judy had ever seen. Around his head was wound a huge scarf, with the fringed ends flopping over his left shoulder; a shawl was thrown over his shoulders, and the ends of it flopped over his back. His long shirt-tails flopped from under the tight green coat; the long end of his dhotie, as the drapery men wear instead of trousers is called, flopped in front of his feet; and his shoes were so large that they must have flopped as he walked. He was a very humble little man, despite the jauntiness of his attire, his favorite expression being, "I am but a simple man." He wrung his hands on meeting Judy. "I hope I

Bazaar Scene

shall not prove too dull a pupil in the language," said she. He looked up sheepishly out of the corner of his eye, and said, wringing his hands, "Only God knows."

After Judy had been studying the language about two months, she decided that she would begin asking for things at the table. So she ventured one morning to ask the house boy for a *pualli*. The bearer looked very much puzzled, and the other missahibs began to laugh. "What did you mean to ask for?" said one of them. "A cup," said Judy. "Well, you asked for a young animal. You should have said *piyalla* instead." Thus is the pride of the young language student crushed! But they comforted her by telling of one of the official's wives who asked for a kiss instead of a spoon.

One day Judy was crossing on the ferry at Amingao. The first-class passengers stay up on the upper deck, while the coolies who carry the baggage guard it below. When they were descending the stairs to go ashore on the other side, Judy found her coolie in a heated argument with another, saying that he couldn't come to help him because he had to stand guard over the mem-

sahib's beer. You see, he was entrusted with her thermos bottles.

On most of the Indian trains there are no diners, but one may get meals along the way at certain refreshment-rooms. The missahib was telling the boy who waited table in one of these refreshment-rooms to hurry, as she did not want to be left behind. He assured her there was plenty of time, as did also the train guard who strolled in to set his watch by the dining-room clock. So she ate leisurely, taking time to scan the Calcutta paper. After a time the train guard came in and asked, politely, if she could finish soon. "We have already waited fifteen minutes for you."

The missahib had been giving her cook his first lesson in cake-making. "The baking powder," she explained, "will make the cake light by causing it to rise. I am not sure of this powder, however, because it is old. We will try it." She saw him put the cake in the oven, and left him. A few minutes later as she was crossing the compound she heard him call to her. Turning, she saw him coming with the cake in his hands. "Is the cake done?" said she in surprise. "No, but I brought it out to show you that the baking

powder was good, for it rose way up high. But now there's a hollow in the middle. Perhaps I was mistaken about the powder."

Once, some of the W. A. B. F. M. S. girls in India had a house-party in Darjeeling. And in the midst of it one of the missahibs became engaged to a nice Baptist man whom she had met on the boat coming to India. So it was plainly the duty of the rest of them to give her an announcement-party. It was to be a pink-and-white affair, with American eats. One of the things they were going to have was chicken salad. The landlady, a Eurasian woman, who was always showing her amazement at the things these American girls could do, was given the list of things they would need, and the cook was dispatched to get them. On the appointed day the missahibs spent the morning in the big kitchen preparing salad dressing and fudge, baking cakes, etc. The salad itself, they decided, could be left until just before the guests arrived. They told the landlady to have the chicken ready.

The guests were to arrive at three. At two-thirty the missahibs went down to put on the finishing touches, and to make the salad. They

asked the landlady if the chicken was ready. "In a few moments," said she. Then a great commotion and squawking was heard in the back-yard. Presently she came in with the decapitated hen. "It won't take the cook long to pick him. He had better cut him up, too." "But," said the missahibs, "it should have been cooked last night." "Cooked!" cried the landlady. "Why, I didn't know you wanted it cooked. You didn't tell me that." A shower of rain came up and delayed the guests, so there was still time to cook the chicken by cutting it up. Americans are apt to take things too much for granted, at times.

One day the missahib complained to the milkman that the milk was watered. "We buy milk, not water, from you," said she. "We can get water free." "I do not put water in the milk," said he. "I do the best I can." Then he went on to explain that despite all he could do the cows would graze early in the morning and, of course, they got the dew as well as the grass.

When Judy arrived in Nowgong, the girls were lined up to welcome her. The song they sang was quite appropriate—"To the Work." A lit-

tle later she attended a wedding in the Christian church. The wedding hymn was sung to the tune "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

One of the Assam missahibs had a pet hen. This hen was a perfect lady. She would come up the steps most decorously, shake the dust from her dainty feet, and walk into the parlor. She had a favorite cushion on the couch, and on this she would settle for a friendly, confidential chat. After a few remarks about the weather she would leave, and on the pillow was a nice white egg for the missahib's breakfast. The missahib would show her appreciation and hospitality by offering her some corn, and the hen, with many assurances of her esteem, would walk gracefully out.

This same missahib had a cat. This cat was most intelligent. But with the passing years the dear creature grew old, as some people, and all cats, do. The cat was a general favorite, and had many friends of his kind. They used to have wonderful singsongs before they parted during their evening calls. The humans, strange to say, were entirely unappreciative of the music and plotted a dark plot. On both counts, his

age and his music, they decided that the dear cat's mission on earth was accomplished. Now they had at the dispensary a certain liquid, which, if partaken by either man or beast, wafts them off into a painless sleep and finally into oblivion. The missahib was a nurse and tender-hearted. She decided that the best way was to give Pussy some of the nice medicine. So she arranged a nice box, air-tight, and decorated, and, catching the cat, made him lie down and gave him the dose of nice medicine. After a while he ceased objecting and all was quiet and peaceful. With all the proper ceremony the little box was buried under the bush in the corner of the yard, a mound of fresh earth marking the spot. The missahib went off to a woman's meeting, and every one thought the incident closed.

When the meeting was over, she glanced toward the little mound of earth under the bush in the corner. Then, suddenly, she rubbed her eyes. There sat her cat, sane and in his usually cheerful frame of mind! He was peacefully washing his face. The missahib, wondering if she was seein' things, called softly the pussy's name. The cat came running to her in the same

blithesome manner. Then she began to reflect how strangely the cat she had put in the box had acted, how he had objected to lying still. She had laid it to his unusual intelligence to sense that something was wrong. Well, time is a great tattle-tale. It was a simple thing to explain anyhow, for, you see, she had killed the wrong cat!

Of course, some of the funny things that happen to one in India are funnier afterward. Two missionaries, sahibs this time, started out on tour. They went on ponyback. They rode all morning in the heat. Then they came to a nice stream about thirty feet wide, but not very deep, and the ponies walked into the water with their riders on their backs. Suddenly the one who was riding ahead heard a squeal from his companion, and looking back, saw that his companion's pony, the one with the blind eye, had suddenly decided that he needed cooling off and had taken a duck in the middle of the stream, with nothing but his four legs visible as he turned over. The sahib, too, was cooler for the sudden immersion, but he joined heartily in our laughter.

Indian ponies are never trained to back. When

Judy bought the new ponies for the school bus in Golaghat, she left instructions that the ponies should be taught how to back. She went to the hills for a holiday, but the sahib in the station promised to supervise the process of breaking the new horses. When she returned, Judy hitched one of the ponies to the little rickshaw they had adapted for the purpose. She went to make some calls on school children living straight down the road about three miles. When they were ready to go home, she told the syce that she would back the horse up. But he would not budge. The syce grinned. "Let me tend to it," said he. And then, to her chagrin, he went at it in the usual stupid Indian way. He unhitched the pony, led him out of the traces, and brought him to position on the other side of the rickshaw. Then he took the rickshaw traces in hand and turned the buggy himself, pulling it over to where the pony stood, so that the traces were in position for hitching. Then he hitched him up, and they were merrily on their way. And when they arrived at the mission compound, and Judy saw him, contrary to all his teaching, unbuckle every strap and take the harness to pieces, she sighed, and realized

A Roadside Barber-shop

again, how difficult it is to teach an old dog, or horse, either, new tricks.

The incongruity of the mixtures of the old and the new are a never-ending source of amusement. To hear a native band play "Hiawatha" or "Swanee River" for instance—well, it must actually be heard to be appreciated. On every hand one sees the attempts to use English. Some of the signs Judy saw en route are worth telling about. What kind of shop could hang out a sign like this, do you suppose, "Ladies may have fits up my stairs," or, "Leave your luggage here and we will scatter it in all directions"? The first was displayed by a Japanese tailor, and the second by a Calcutta express company. And for a unique announcement of spring millinery this might be effective even in America: "Summer hats exposed." Another shop, a Chinese one, hung out this sign: "Same price from start business to shut shop."

If we could be a mouse in the corner of the cook-house, we should no doubt find out some very wonderful and funny things about ourselves. Everything we do or say is commented upon. They call our way of speaking "Missionary

Assamese," just as we call their brand of English "Babu English."

"Babu English" has many appeals to our funny bones. One of the missahibs had an epistle from a certain babu addressed "To the sacred lady of Satri Bari."

Letters like the following are common:

Most kind and revered lady:

I take up my pen in gratitude that the privilege is mine of exposing to you my most humble and hopeful request. I opine that you will do the condescending to turn a willing ear for my favor.

I am an honorable man the son of a most respectable family, but unfortunately misfortune has been my lot, for my venerable father has died and left me destitute. My exceeding desire is of being the proud possessor of a college education rendering by my intellect a means of livelihood. I have read through the high school. My widowed mother has not sufficient means to aid me. So I render this appeal to become my kind benefactress and lend me fifteen hundred rupees. Out of your bounty if you can spare this small amount I shall forever condescend to be grateful and shall pray the gods of my reverent ancestors to sanctify your life from all trouble. Hoping you will send me soon a favoring reply I am, most benevolent madam,

Your most obedient servant.

P. S. To repay you for this extraordinary kindness I am willing to offer my invaluable services at one hour every morning. I write English precisely and can undertake to do your private correspondence in a desultory manner.

Judy received a letter one day from a missionary lady in the Garo hills. In it she told the following incidents:

We are having fence builders these days. We have just had a good laugh at the expense of one of them who came very late this morning. He gave for an excuse that a neighbor's wife was dying for three hours, and therefore he could not leave. I asked them what they did for her, and he said that they sacrificed a hog. And as soon as the hog died and its breath was gone, the woman, who had almost been dead, not knowing any one, got up, and they gave her rice which she ate, and now she was well.

And just now our cook, who is quite an intelligent Garo, came and said: "Teacher, you must eat this hen today. She is very sick, and tomorrow she may be dead." The hen in question was our one and only.

The folks have some quaint superstitions. Once a magistrate wanted to show his public spirit by doing something helpful for the people.

He decided that the bazaar was a hot place and needed shade trees. So he ordered some young nim trees. When the people learned his purpose a committee waited upon him begging him to desist from his purpose:

> Nourisher of the poor, be pleased to refrain from showing your goodness in this way. If nim trees are planted in the market our town will be ruined and our livelihood will be cut off. For, standing under a nim tree, who will be able to buy or sell goods?

This tree is sacred and under it no one dares to tell a lie.

Ah, yes, Judy found things excruciatingly funny sometimes. There was always something amusing going on among the folks among whom she lived. And often her bump of humor saved a hard situation. She was often reminded of hearing Isabella Crawford say: "For seven years I prayed the Lord to take the funny streak out of me. After I became a missionary, I prayed seven years more that he would put it back again." And Judy gives this advice: "If you are thinking of becoming a missionary, don't squelch your funny streak."

VIII

A DAY IN A MISSIONARY LADY'S LIFE

"Missahib!"

It is half past five in the morning. The missahib has just arisen.

"Yes, who is it?"

"It's me."

"But who's me?"

"Joynti. May I come in?"

"Yes. Come in."

Joynti comes in. She is matron of the dormitory, a stout, elderly woman with a sweet face.

"Dalimi has a hard cold this morning, and I think she has fever."

"You must watch the fever. Take her temperature every hour."

"I came in to borrow the thermometer. Rahela broke the one we had over in the dormitory when Mongali was ill. May I take yours?"

"Yes, but do be careful of it. It seems to me the girls are always breaking things. This is my last one, and they are so expensive these days."

The missahib gets the instrument from her desk drawer and hands it to her. As the old woman turns to go she says to her, "I hope no one else is ill?"

"No, Missahib, every one else seems well. Salaam, Missahib."

"Salaam, Joynti."

And Joynti's portly person disappears through the curtained door.

"Missahib!" (Three minutes later.)

"Yes?"

"Missahib, please may I have the keys for the godown?" It is the babies' matron speaking.

"Why do you want those keys this morning?"

"I need some more barley for the babies' broth."

"Didn't you get out the barley on Saturday?"

"No, because I still had some left over from last week's supply."

"Well, Jettai, please always get the barley for each week out on Saturday whether the supply is entirely gone or not. Then I can more easily keep track of it."

She hands the keys to the matron, who salaams and leaves.

"Missahib!"

"Yes."

"May I bring in your *chota hazri* now?"

"Yes."

The tall Mohammedan house-boy enters, bringing a tray containing tea, toast, a boiled egg, butter, milk, sugar, jelly, and a huge slice of papaya fruit. This he sets down on the table and leaves.

Presently the missahib comes out of her dressing-room. She sits down to eat her breakfast.

"Bearer!"

"*Hussur!*" He comes on a run.

"You forgot to give me a spoon."

He is back in a jiffy bringing the spoon on a plate.

Her next interruption comes while she is eating. It is Buddhu this time, bringing the mail. He is the general errand-boy. Three letters from U. S. A.; one from her own folks, and one from the Board. She opens the first, putting the other two in her pocket. Then she scans the headlines in the Calcutta paper, and decides to read a certain article to the others at breakfast-time. She opens her Bible, and reading a few verses, she looks to her heavenly Father for help and strength.

Jettai comes back. "Missahib, I've brought the keys."

"All right. You may bring them in."

It is nearly seven by this time. Soon the coolies who are to cut the hedge will be on hand, and the gardener must be instructed about setting out the tomato plants. She puts on her topee.

Three raggedy coolies are squatting in the sun near the cook-house. They stand up and salaam as she approaches. They are early for once. One cannot be so accurate by suntime.

"I see you have brought your dows," she says, and they exhibit three shining, curved blades. "You are to cut hedge today. I will show you where to begin." And they follow her around the school building where she sets them to work.

"Mali!"

"*Hussur!* (Your Honor!)"

The gardener comes running at her summons. He has been watering the plants on the front veranda.

"I think you had better set out the tomato plants this morning. But only those in the big box. The others are too small. Is the ground ready?"

Buying Chickens, Nowgong

"Yes, all but digging the holes. Shall I begin right away?"

"Yes, before it gets hot. And, Mali, you are too generous in your watering. It's as fatal to drown plants as to neglect to give them water."

"Yes, Missahib." He salaams and is off.

Just then the doctoroni, as the native woman doctor employed by the school is called, enters at the side gate. The missahib stops to speak to her.

"Joynti says that Dalimi has high fever this morning. Please pay special attention to her. And look at the arms of the girls who were vaccinated Saturday. They look pretty sore to me."

The doctoroni promises. Then she speaks of supplies that are needed at the dispensary, and the missahib asks for a written list. Then she asks to see the individual health records of the girls. The doctoroni says they are not quite up to date, but that she will have them ready tomorrow.

"How is Anundi this morning?" Anundi is one of the women of the Christian community.

"I have not heard this morning. But when I was there last night she seemed better."

"I am glad to hear it. She is taking the doctor babu's medicine?"

"Yes, she is now. When she found her own dope didn't help her she decided to take my advice."

"That's good. Salaam, Rachel."

"Salaam."

On the steps the missahib encounters the *goswallah,* as the meat pedlar is called. He is a huge Mohammedan and carries the meat in a basket on top of his head. He deposits it on the steps.

"Missahib, do you need any meat today?"

"What have you?"

"Mutton."

"Don't be silly. You know very well it's goat."

The man grins and says, "Well, it is a young goat and tastes just like mutton." (That is true. Many white folks cannot tell the difference.)

The missahib has her turn at housekeeping this month. But she knows that Dinai, the cook, can drive a better bargain than she. So she tells the goswallah to go to the cook-house and tell the cook that he is to get two pounds.

"Take this piece, Missahib." He holds up a leg of the meat.

"No, we need only one *seer*. Go to Dinai. If you will not sell me the amount I want I won't buy any from you." Needless to say, he comes to terms and the cook gets the meat for the right price.

As she enters the house the postman steps up on the front veranda. He has a V. P. P. parcel for which she must sign and pay. Large firms in India send goods C. O. D. and call it Value Payable Post. Also he has a money order for one of the girls from her parents to pay her school fee.

"Now I'll do accounts," says she. She gets out her day-book and begins posting in her ledger.

"Missahib, the *dhersey* has come." It is the houseboy speaking.

"Well, then, you and Buddhu get out the machine and put it on the back porch. I'll be there in a moment. The *dhersey* is an hour late. His "female" has fever again, and he had to cook his own rice. The missahibs sometimes wish he would follow the custom of his race and get another wife.

She sets him to work on outing flannel frocks for the younger girls. She and one of the other

missahibs spent the whole of yesterday afternoon cutting them out. They are plain little frocks, with kimona sleeves and a frill around the neck. The cold season is fast approaching, and one must be ready.

Just then a commotion out in the dormitory attracts her attention. She puts on her topee again and goes out. One of the girls has a stubborn streak on and is refusing to help clean the vegetables. So she talks to the girlie and sets things right. Then she goes into the babies' dormitory to see how Dalimi is and finds the doctoroni bathing the little thing in an attempt to bring down the fever. She looks at the milk the children are about to drink and finds that it has been boiled quite properly. On her way out she sends one little girl up-stairs to put on a clean frock, and another to comb her hair over again.

The missahib sits down to accounts again and works about fifteen minutes. A tall, graceful, dark-eyed girl comes in and asks if the missahib will please look at her lesson plan. The missahib glances at her watch and finds that the girl has come at the time appointed. The girl is one of the Seniors in the Normal Department, and is

to teach a practise lesson tomorrow. It takes about twenty minutes to go over the plan with her, correcting here and suggesting there. By the time this discussion is finished the sewing mistress comes in for white thread and cloth for a shirt. The materials are in another room, and the missahib herself carries the keys. So she accompanies the teacher herself and writes down carefully what has been taken out of the supplies cupboard, so that when inventory is taken her account may come out straight.

"Missahib!"

"Yes?"

"Is the chokidar busy?" (The chokidar is general utility man.)

"He is mending the break in the fence around the chicken run, but if you need him you may call him."

"The rope has broken again, and all the pails are now in the bottom of the well." It is Joynti speaking, and she is much exasperated.

"It is perfectly scandalous the amount of rope and the number of pails that go into that well."

"It was the Hindu boarders this time. They are always blaming the Christian girls for it."

Joynti is a good woman, but she is sometimes a little unreasonable in defending the Christian girls.

"But Joynti, there are only twelve of the Hindu girls, and ninety Christians. Our girls draw at least ten times as much water as the Hindu girls do."

Joynti does not reply, except to salaam, and goes off to find the chokidar. The missahib sends Buddhu to help with the well business. She sighs. That well has always been a problem!

A little girl comes running up with a request for the keys to the supplies cupboard. The headmaster wants to get out some ink. Study class has begun in the school building, and he is in charge.

Then it dawns upon the missahib that today was the day she meant to set the janitor to work washing the windows. She walks over to the school building and finds him in the chapel slapping the seats with his dust cloth, instead of wiping them off in the proper fashion. She explains again that if he does it that way the dust will rise and settle again, and shows him how it should be done. Then she tells him that he

must shake the cloth occasionally out of doors. He is so deaf that one can never be sure that he hears, but he shakes his head vigorously saying, "*Baru, baru* (Very well)." But the missahib knows that when her back is turned he will go on slapping. Then she sets him at work on the kindergarten windows.

A group of girls are giggling instead of studying and need admonishing. She looks in at all the other groups in the various rooms before she leaves.

She thinks she will go at her accounts again, but it is so near breakfast-time that she decides it is not worth while to begin. A couple of letters in Assamese to two of the girls need censoring before she gives them out, and she has just finished when the breakfast-bell rings.

The other two missahibs are full of their home letters, and there is much to tell each other. Between courses the newspaper article on the Reform Scheme in India is read.

Immediately after breakfast the missahibs repair to their school duties. One has a Bible school for Christian women. The other two go to chapel, the one to play the piano and the other

to preside. A hymn is sung, the Bible lesson, this particular morning from James about controlling the tongue, is given by a teacher who leads in prayer at the close followed by the Lord's prayer. Most of the day-scholars are in attendance at chapel though there is no compulsion. The kindergarten and primary children have their exercises in the kindergarten room. Before the girls file out to their classes the roll is called.

The first two periods the missahib has classes to teach, first the seniors in Child Study, and after that both seniors and juniors together in a class in Story-telling. After that she looks at the cards to find out who the absentees are, noting certain ones whom she must ask the school chaperones about. She finds a peon from the Deputy Inspector of Schools' office with a communication. This must have immediate answer and requires looking into the school files for the information needed. The first-grade teacher brings in a sobbing little girl. She has fever. After giving the child a quinine tablet she is sent home with one of the chaperones.

Then comes the drill period when the whole

school spills out over the campus for gymnastics. The missahib watches them a moment, goes to a group to straighten some round shoulders, and then flies around the rooms on a tour of inspection. A map half rolled lies on the floor in the history room, and a mental note is made to speak to the teacher about it. The girls must be taught to take care of other people's property.

English classes meet all over the building the next period. The missahib has the most advanced one, and spends the period drilling on the principal parts of certain verbs.

Before the period is up the chokidar announces that two native gentlemen are waiting outside to speak with her. She dismisses the class. The gentlemen have come to visit the school. She takes them through the school, visiting the kindergarten first. The little folks are in the circle, and they dramatize the "tank" as the reservoir used for drinking-water in the villages is called. They hop like frogs and swim like fish, all the while singing a gay little song, much to the delight of the gentlemen. One of them has never seen a kindergarten department before, and is much interested in the answers given to his ques-

tions by the kindergartner and in samples of the work done. The rest of the school are having sewing, and the gentlemen express their satisfaction that Indian girls are here learning to become good housewives. The drawing, maps, note-books, and modeling are duly examined, and before taking their departure they write flattering remarks in the School Inspection Book. The missahib wonders how much of it they really mean.

The missahib has a free period now and thinks she'll go in and have "forty winks" under the punkah in the sitting-room. She lies down on the couch and is almost asleep when the telegraph peon comes to the door with a telegram.

As she goes back to the school she picks up an orange from the dish on the side-table in the dining-room and divides it preparatory to eating it as she goes. Instantly she is spied by six or eight of the toddling infants in the dormitory who come running asking for some of her orange. They are irresistible and have their way. After listening to their prattle a moment she shoos them back to Jettai and goes her way.

The next half hour is spent listening to a nor-

mal training-class girl teach a history lesson. The girls afterwards go with her to the school office where the lesson is commented upon and assignments for the following week given out.

On her way to the bungalow she meets the chicken vendor. The chickens are carried in two bamboo baskets, one on either end of the bamboo pole over his shoulders. The supply is low, and sometimes it is hard to get chickens when you want them. So she bargains with him and takes all he has, examining each fowl as he counts them out. The *pannewallah* (water-carrier) takes them and puts them in the chicken yard. The dhersey, who is still sewing on the back veranda, needs supervision, and Dinai, the cook, stops her to tell that she did not give him sugar enough for the custard.

The tea-bell rings. The other two missahibs are already there. One of them lies in the steamer-chair with her eyes closed, and the other one is pouring the tea. This is really a luncheon, too, for it is a long stretch between ten and four when one works at top speed all the time. The others have been as busy as she. They take the meal leisurely. In the midst of the meal a boy

comes bringing a note from the leading English official's wife to ask the prospect for tennis. A note is dispatched that the other two will play, but that she has promised to play basket-ball with the girls. They will be disappointed, for our missahib is the best tennis-player in the station.

After tea there is a naughty girl to be dealt with, a teacher to advise, the headmaster comes in with the amount of the day's sales of supplies, and is given the pay-roll to make out. The sugar question is straightened out with the cook, and a father who has walked in from a distant village to see his daughter comes in to pay his respects. Then she goes around on a tour of inspection to see what the gardener, the coolies, and the school janitor have done. Donning a loose middy dress she joins the girls in their basket-ball practise, and enters into the game with enthusiasm. They play an hour, until the bell calls the girls in for prayers, and the missahib has a chance to bathe and change for dinner.

Then she sits down to prepare for the Bible lesson she is to give after dinner. Little groups of girls come into the bungalow at this time to talk informally with the missahibs. Three or

Little Tots Having Dinner
In Nowgong

four come into the room where our missahib is working, and when she tells them she is busy and to come back tomorrow night they steal softly away.

Dinner is announced. It is scarcely over when the native pastor comes to consult with the missahib about some church matter. Then she gives out the materials the cook will need for the next day's meals. The girls come trooping in for the Bible lesson. They sit in a circle on the floor. They are reading the New Testament through, a chapter a day, and marking the best verses. Once a week they come in and talk over these verses.

The missahibs all retire to their rooms. Our missahib begins posting the expenditures and receipts of the day. Two of the teachers come in; one of them takes down the missahib's hair and brushes it, the other one stands near by watching her copy figures. Not a word is said. But they are enjoying the little quiet time together.

Then the other missahibs come in, wearing their kimonas. There is always the little good-night chat. They become girls again and forget for the time that they are much-worked mission-

ary ladies. Sometimes they read to each other, but oftenest they just talk.

Suddenly the missahib remembers the two letters she has not yet read. She takes them from the pocket of her dress. The one from the Board favors the building of the much needed wing on the school building, and the missahibs are happy about that.

"Why, it's half past ten," says one of them. The girls take their leave wishing them "sweet dreams" in English.

Soon everything is quiet about the old bungalow. Another busy, happy day is at an end, and God's peace broods over their rest.

Now you will understand why your friend in far-away Assam doesn't write the long letters you long for. It is often hard to find time for letters to one's own mother, so urgent and important are these recurring duties.

Nor is there anything startling or wonderful about the ordinary day of a missionary's life. It consists of doing endless little duties, attending to endless details, expecting and meeting endless little emergencies, having endless interruptions. But days like these are perhaps the very best op-

portunities we have for proving the practicability of the religion we profess. The personal touch in the homely contacts of life are most often used of God in winning personal allegiance to his cause.

IX

JUDY VISITS A FAMOUS SHRINE

Ever since that first afternoon in Gauhati, when Judy had watched the marvelous sunset on the Brahmaputra, and Doctor W. had told her of the temple at the top of the graceful cone called Kamakhya, that had loomed purple in the distance, Judy had had a strong desire to climb it and see for herself the temple whose golden top burned so vividly in the fading light. This temple is dedicated to the woman's goddess, and barren women visit it from all parts of India. Chundra Lela visited this shrine in her search for the true God. Kamakhya rises between and above twin-sister peaks, and is a thousand feet above the level of Gauhati.

So one morning during the cold season Miss G. and Judy, accompanied by their Hindu language teacher, started out in the fog to discover the mountain. They drove the first four miles, to its foot. There was a guide on hand to aid them, and though he spoke Hindustani, and the

Carving of Elephant-headed God on Rock
On Way Up Kamakhya Hill

Hindu teacher had to interpret, his explanations made it very interesting.

At the foot is a large archway, with niches in its walls containing idols. The steep road is paved with huge slabs of stone, and dates back to two thousand years before Christ. There is a very interesting legend connected with this road. It goes as follows: Narak was a great hero of Indian lore, who was at one time king of Assam. He made Gauhati his capital (and some say that the present compound occupied by Satri Bari was part of his royal grounds), and he settled many Brahmans on the hill of Kamakhya. These he brought from other parts of India, as the early Assamese were not yet converted to Hinduism. He married Maya, the daughter of the god Vishnu, and she taught him to worship the goddess Kamakhya. At first he was pious and prospered. Then he began to consort with a neighboring king whose influence was bad, and he became irreligious and presumptuous. He asked the goddess Kamakhya to be his wife. She assented on condition that he erect a temple to her on the top of the hill and also a tank and a road up the hill to the temple, all to be

finished in a single night. He had almost finished the task, when the fickle goddess caused a cock to crow before dawn and, claiming that this was proof that day had come, she evaded her promise and refused to marry him. Overcome with rage Narak slew the cock and the place where he did this is known to this day as *kukurakata,* which means, "cutting the cock." By this act he lost forever the favor of the goddess, and misfortune after misfortune followed him until he was slain by Krishna, who is an incarnation of the god Vishnu, whose daughter was Narak's first wife.

The road is worn smooth by the feet of the thousands of pilgrims, surging restlessly up the mountain through the centuries in their search for God. It is hard to climb on account of the slipperiness. Most Europeans pull stockings over their shoes for the ascent, but neither Judy or Miss G. had been told of this. The going up was not so hazardous, however, as the descent afterward. All along this road, on both sides are the images of the gods. Prominent among them is the elephant-headed god Ganesh, the giver of good luck to the faithful.

Every little way in bamboo shacks sat the holy men, naked save for the loin-cloth. They are wretched-looking creatures. Their hair is matted from lack of combing, and from the frequent smearings with ashes and oil. Their faces are grotesque with the marks of their caste. They sit shivering over their little fires, mumbling prayers, and holding out their hands for pice. At one of the turns in the road they came face to face with the god Ganesh again, freshly painted a brilliant red by some devout pilgrim. Around him were stuck yellow marigolds, and an offering of rice was placed in a little dish in front of him. Near-by was another holy man, garlanded with marigolds also. Kneeling before him were two pilgrims. The holy man was handsome and young. He paid no attention to the suppliants before him, trying to maintain the vacant expression taken for one of holy meditation all over India. But when he saw our party approaching his abstraction left him, and he held out his hands for an offering.

The first third of the road wound around so gradually that the climb was hardly noticeable. Then suddenly it became very steep. The mis-

sahibs crawled up the great stone slabs slowly, glad for the niches cut here and there by thoughtful pilgrims, and glad, too, of a guide who could point out the easiest places to attempt. Both the men were gentlemen, of course, but being Hindus they could not lend a helping hand to the American girls in their climb. Breathless after the exertion, it was a relief to find that the next stretch was almost on the level again. The temples and shrines, and tombs of the saints become more numerous toward the top. A very holy hermit has his home in the jungle a little distance from the road. As they approached the top of the hill they found it quite thickly settled right up to the temple itself, and many half-grown lads swarmed at their heels, speaking in English as they offered garlands of flowers for sale. Then they passed some substantial buildings of wood and were told that these were Sanskrit and English schools for the education of priests. Everywhere were swarms of children; crowds of little girls followed them wherever they went. The Hindu teacher said they were temple girls. These little ones had been dedicated to the temple, married to the gods, and were consecrated

to the vile worship within. They begged for pice, singing a weird little nasal tune and swaying their little bodies in rhythm.

They were invited to enter one of the smaller temples. When they stepped up on the porch they were confronted by a huge priest who demanded money. Judy had only a small coin with her, having forgotten to take more. Neither of the others had much with them. She offered the coin to the priest. He was very indignant at the smallness of the gift, and said, plainly turning up his nose, "So small an offering from those who could bring more is insulting to the god of the shrine." The Hindu teacher slipped in, however, and did a little *poojah* on his own account, before Judy and her companion missed him. They were interested in their guide's explanation of the use of the forked stick in the center of the porch, where the goats used in sacrifice were decapitated.

The missahibs did want to enter the big temple, and a babu told them they might enter one of the side doors, and go into one of the side rooms, but they must not assay to enter the holy part of the temple within. So the old priest in

charge, blind and palsied, unlocked the iron gate. Judy and her companion went in with a swarm of temple girls at their heels, dancing and shouting. It was a damp, gloomy place. All around from niches in the wall leered the hideous idols. In the front was the large idol, Kali, extending her several arms, and protruding her tongue. She is the patron goddess of Assam and Bengal. In front of her was an altar on which musty-smelling incense was burning. The place gave the missahibs the shivers, and they were glad to get out into the air again.

Going around the temple they were informed that they might get close enough to look into the holy place. If they would please take off their shoes and stockings they might go to the very door of the shrine. Leather is very unholy to the Hindu mind, and both the missahibs had inadvertently already polluted the outer threshold. This was politely ignored, however, because clearly here was an opportunity to collect backsheesh. A priest with a large brass tray stood ready for all contributions. From where they stood they could see the great idol in the light of the flaring torches burning in front

of her. But they were unwilling to comply with the request that their shoes and stockings be removed, especially as by this time a great crowd of men had gathered around. And remembering that their former attempt to give a gift had been despised, they went on. The Hindu head master said it was a surprising concession they had made them, and nodded his head when Judy suggested that perhaps they thought they expected them to pay a big price for it.

From here the missahibs went to the big, holy tank where the pilgrims bathe as part of the ceremony of worship. The sides were made of tiers of steps leading down into the water. A holy tortoise was sunning itself on one of the steps, women were dipping up water with their brass vessels, a man was washing his feet in one place, and at another, a man was wading in the shallow part of the tank, washing some brass cooking vessels. It was rather a pretty spot with its background of date palms reflected in the water, and between them the glimpses of thatch roofs.

The temple with the golden dome which Judy had seen that first afternoon in Assam was still

farther up the mountain. So, having seen the main sights around the big temple, and haggled with the beggars of every type that dogged their steps, from temple girls to the English-speaking pupils of the Sanskrit school, they decided to climb to the other temple. They took the little winding path that led up, up, up, stopping often to look back on the plain below still veiled in a thin mist. The temple was not so large as the one below. Judy was quite disappointed in the building, expecting that it would match the dome. Here again they met the priest whom they had insulted by their small offering. A babu, terribly cross-eyed, but pleasant enough, greeted them, and seeing Judy's "Brownie" asked, in good English, if they wanted a picture of the temple. It was rather misty for long-distance pictures, and the spot on which the temple stands is too small to get any perspective. They stood for several moments gazing down at the panorama before them, as of a billowy sea, for the fog still filled the valley, with the distant Himalayas wading waist deep in it.

Judy and Miss G. found a place where they might eat without defiling the temple, a flat stone

Hindu Temple, Kamakhya

ledge overlooking Gauhati. They opened their tin box of lunch, and from the ever-useful thermos bottle poured steaming tea into tin cups. Everybody left (for it is not good etiquette in India to watch people eat), and they were glad for the freedom from eyes. When they had nearly finished their meal the wife of one of the priests came out with sweetmeats. The woman was exceedingly unprepossessing-looking and dirty, so Judy promptly threw the dainties over the cliff when the lady had retired.

When they returned to the temple, and again looked down on the valley below, the mist had cleared. Below them flowed the mighty Brahmaputra, beautiful in a majestic sort of a way, gracefully dividing its waters to make room for Peacock Island, which island is also sacred, with a temple; and to the right lay Gauhati, with the red roofs of the mission buildings plainly in view. There was quite a party of native gentlemen with their wives and children standing near. Before long they joined in conversation. The men were barristers from Gauhati, dressed in European clothes and speaking perfect English. They had been educated in England. Their wives

were sweet women, with beautiful, refined faces, having had more privileges than most Hindu women. The little girls were dressed like English girls. The contrast between these children whose life had been so changed by Western contacts, and the ignorant little temple girls, with their too wise, bold faces, the victims of the most debasing elements in the life of the country, was painful. After a long lingering look down into the valley the two missahibs started downward. At the foot of the slope the temple girls were ready for their coming. Judy persuaded them to pose for their picture, the Hindu teacher lending an anna in pice as reward.

The guide was loath to leave. The Hindu teacher paid him for his services. He was not satisfied, but they felt the teacher knew what was right. When the party did not heed his protestations he finally disappeared.

The descent was perilous indeed, and once Judy took a sudden tumble and slide. At one side was a little hut where lay a man who looked very ill. The Hindu teacher told them he was dying from leprosy, and they must get as far away as possible.

At the foot of the mountain they waited for their carriage. The train from Calcutta had just come in, and a great crowd of jostling, tired pilgrims were making ready for the ascent. They represented every nationality in India, from the Punjab in the northwest to Ceylon. There were many old men and women leaning on staffs, younger women with their husbands, and anxious faces, fakirs with their begging-bowls, children, decked in gorgeous finery, eager for the adventure, and one or two widows who walked with the step of those whose hope is dead. It was a silent ride home, for both the missahibs had aching hearts for these poor misguided people in their search for something to satisfy the age-long hunger for God and his gifts. All that night Judy's dreams were filled with temple bells and the wails of the religious beggars. The next morning she said that she believed she had no greater blessing in life than being just an American girl, with her heritage of Christian home and teaching.

X

WITH JUDY AT CHRISTMAS-TIME IN ASSAM

It was the most interesting and worth-while Christmas Judy had ever spent. She thought the Hindustani word *tomasha* expressed it exactly, for that word means almost the same as "jamboree" if you read into it the height of merrymaking, the splendor of new clothes, and as much noise and enthusiasm as possible.

The Christmas festivities began the Friday before when the day-school had its celebration. At this time, also, the prizes for the year's work were distributed. All that forenoon Judy and Billy had spent sorting and tying them up. The program, except the Christmas songs that Judy had taught, had been put in charge of the teachers. It was gotten up in true native style.

Judy and Billy had called at the homes to extend personal invitations. Personal invitations mean more to these folks than written ones. The women came in ox-carts curtained at both ends

so that the eye of masculine man might not behold them. They wore their best clothes. Some of their sarees were of silk, embroidered in gold thread. They were bejewelled, bedecked, and perfumed. The funny babies came, too, wearing queer hoods of multicolored wool woven in stripes like rainbows. The schoolgirls were resplendent in the brightest colors, brilliant green jackets with wide lace, and, perhaps, pink sarees, glittering gold and silver ornaments in their hair, jewelry wherever it would stick. Each child reminded Judy of a heavily laden Christmas tree. Of course, there were some kiddies who did not dress up, for the simple reason that they had only the one thin garment they wore to school. The big assembly-room was crowded, and still they came, until it seemed as if there would have to be an overflow meeting. But Indians are wonderful when it comes to adapting themselves to limited space. They do not mind being crowded.

The first part of the program consisted of carol singing. Judy's Glee Club sang in two and three parts "Holy Night" in English, and "Who Is He in Yonder Stall?" in Assamese. The seventh-grade teacher read the Christmas story

from Luke, and the old head master offered prayer. Then the program became as varied as possible. Several plays were given—and beautifully, for the Indian is a genius in dramatics. Little folks recited poems in the inimitable sing-song fashion of the Orient. There were drills, kindergarten stunts, folk-songs, and last of all "God Save the King."

The next part of the program was in charge of the principal of the school and the wife of the leading English official in Nowgong, thus adding dignity and importance to the proceedings. Prize-giving is justifiable in a country like India where school-going is not compulsory and there is often little incentive for children to get an education. The prizes were handed out by the official's wife, and the recipients made graceful bows and salaamed. The prizes were not large in value, but to these children, who have so little, they were quite worth striving for. Most of them came from precious Christmas boxes from the homeland. Judy was touched to see one little girlie who received a small dolly. She was a poorly clad little stranger who had been enrolled in the kindergarten only a few weeks. When the

dolly was put into her hands she gasped, and then, with a swift motion, she clasped it tightly to her breast, only peeking at it occasionally as if half afraid it would vanish if she looked at it too much. It was only a little ten-cent store dolly, but the joy it brought to that child's heart cannot be measured in mere dollars.

After the program Judy and the others talked to the women. Some of them came over to the bungalow to see the inside of the missahib's house for the first time. They do not often have such opportunities, shut up as they are in their zenanas.

There was still time for tennis before dark and then the missionary girls went over to the general missionary's bungalow for a birthday dinner. Mrs. B.'s birthday comes just before Christmas, so it is included in the season's festivity.

The Sunday service at the little bamboo-and-plaster church was very Christmasy. The place was gay with paper festoons and palm branches. The schoolgirls were in full attendance, fresh and sweet in their brand-new sarees. The little girls had their hair combed like American girls

for the occasion, with the pink tape that had come around prizes for ribbons. The school babies just bubbled over with glee, and were naughty at church. You should have seen the swagger style of the urchins who sat near Judy, who was at the organ. New shoes, with great squeaks in them, striped stockings, tied up with pink tape, fresh shirts hanging over their dhoties —and some were resplendent with new English " store clothes." Their bobbing, black heads were shiny with generous applications of coconut oil, and for once that year, their hair was slicked down in proper style. They could hardly restrain themselves in all this splendor, and many were the trips outdoors and back in again to exhibit the squeaks in their shoes. Shoes, you know, are only worn on state occasions.

The station missionary preached the sermon on the Christ Child, making a plea for the understanding and appreciation of the child. There were special musical numbers by the boarding-school girls and the young men of the church, the latter singing native tunes to the accompaniment of a portable organ—played with one hand and pumped with the other—a crazy violin, and

a flute. After this service Sunday school followed with the Christmas story as lesson.

In the afternoon Judy took some of the older girls for a visit to a little Hindu girl wife who had been taken out of school and made purdah just five months before. Before they left the home they told the Christmas story, the little girl wife nodding her head appreciatively over the familiar details of the story. They passed spices and loaded Judy and the girls with oranges when they left. Looking back they could see the little Hindu girl standing and gazing wistfully after them. The child had been reminded of happy days when she, too, had been a member of the mission school.

At sunset-time the schoolgirls had their usual Sunday-evening walk. As it became dark they returned to the mission compound, going over to the bungalow of the general missionary for the weekly singsong. It was all carols they sang this time. They kept on singing all the evening, after they were back in the dormitory. The last thing Judy heard that night was a girl voice singing " Holy Night."

Monday was spent in preparation for the

boarding-school Christmas. To this celebration all the kiddies in the Christian community had been invited. In the morning Judy had a brigade of middle-sized girls busy stuffing the bodies of the cloth "dollybobs" (an adaptation of the English words "doll baby") with cotton. The older girls were busy with the Christmas sweets and cakes for the morrow. After breakfast the missionaries were busy sorting and tying the presents until tea-time. They had no tennis because each had her own secrets to perpetrate in her own room.

Christmas in India has also a conventional European element. The wife of the leading English official usually has a big dinner for all the Europeans on Christmas Eve. It is always a formal affair, calling for evening dresses. One enjoys formalities occasionally when one has so few of them. Judy was glad that a friend had forewarned her so that she had brought an evening dress. Some of the teachers came in to help the missahibs dress, or to see the effect when their toilettes were completed. They all set off for the Deputy Commissioner's big house in the obliging little Ford. The dinner was served in

English style, plum pudding and all. Paper crackers furnished much amusement. Some of the rhymes that fell out when the crackers popped were very funny. After dinner there were games, and before any one realized it, Christmas morning had come.

On the way home, the missionary party stopped at the little church to say "Merry Christmas" to the young men who were decorating the church and practising special music for the Christmas service.

Back home in the old bungalow again, the missahibs each chose a particular chair in the sitting-room before she retired. Stealthily each arose and placed the gifts she had for the others on the appropriate chair. Suddenly they were awakened by the violent ringing of the church-bell, by way of wishing everybody in the community Christmas joy. This was continued the rest of the sleeping hours at intervals of fifteen minutes. At three the young men of the church began serenading. They had collected fifes, drums, violins, and an organ, and besides they had learned folk-songs and carols. It was amusing to see them pirouetting in the dance as they sang in

the dim half light of the early morning. Sometimes they sang antiphonally. They sang until the missahibs came out and salaamed, and then they went around to the dormitories. From thence the gay procession went down the streets through the Christian community.

Shortly after they left the schoolgirls began their carol singing. It sounded wonderfully sweet and homelike. Judy could not sleep any more for the thoughts that came thronging of other Christmases in another land, with their hallowed fellowships. Just then Polly came into her room to wish her "Merry Christmas" and to say that the house-boy had brought in *chota hazri* into the big living-room and they were all going to eat together. They had a cozy time together, the four missionary girls, lounging in their kimonas, opening their gifts, and leisurely eating their Christmas *chota hazri*.

A honk outside sent them scurrying. Billy wrapped herself in her big coat and went out to wish the Deputy Commissioner and his wife "Merry Christmas." They were on their way to a big tennis tournament on one of the tea-gardens. The missahibs had also been invited,

Four Charming Schoolma'ams
Golaghat

but of course, they did not want to leave the festivities at home. Judy brought out the tennis racquet she had promised to lend. They left a big basket of fruit, candies, and nuts and drove away merrily.

Then the schoolgirls began coming in with their greetings and some brought little gifts. All the missahibs received bottles of "scent"—strong native perfumery—which they applied to their handkerchiefs, much to the delight of the donors.

Trimming the tree fell to Judy's lot, as she was the last comer. She took with her one of the house servants and two of the compound coolies. The festal tree in India is the banana, but the best of those available had been used in decorating the church. So the day before Judy had had a bamboo tree brought in. But it was very one-sided and thin. So she sent for another, and by tying the two together they had a tree that could stand up in the tubs of dirt provided. But the second tree was very wet, having been out in the dew all night. So the festoons could only be hung on one side of the tree for a time. When the gifts were tied on, the tree came to grief, for suddenly it lurched

forward, spilling everything it could on the floor. The added weight had made it top-heavy. Judy was so discouraged she almost cried. Betty came in and told her she had only five more minutes until breakfast-time. They tied the branches in place, fastening them also to the legs of a near-by table, and to nails in the wall. The tinsel and festoons were replaced, but the gifts were piled at the foot of the tree. To Judy's eyes it was but a poor caricature of a tree.

The Christmas service at the church was held from twelve until two. Judy presided at the organ. The schoolgirls marched in singing "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story" in three parts. The native pastor, Sólomon, preached the sermon, followed by the young men's choir who sang Bengali Christmas songs. These they sang with great gusto, their bodies swaying to the rhythm. Missionaries believe in letting the people express themselves in their own way in their religious life. The little church was overflowing with folks. Many were there who attend only on special occasions. (Yes, there are some Christians like that in India, too.) There was distribution of gifts after the regular service. Judy did not

stay for the last, but slipped out to change her dress for the party at the school. The schoolgirls do not like it if one does not dress up on the special occasions of the school.

The outside children were on hand early. The old chokidar had a hard time to keep them out of the building until the proper time. They flattened their noses against the window-panes and tried to guess the gifts in the packages at the foot of the tree. When all was ready the church-bell was rung, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell it, the big assembly-room was full of children.

The big girls sang carols, the kindergarten teacher told the Christmas stories, the little tots had a motion song and the fourth-grade girls recited a poem in concert. The old pandit, who had been connected with the school for twenty-seven years, offered prayer. The children of the Deputy Commissioner were there, and they helped give out the presents. The tree really did not look bad, and to the children it was marvelous. The station missionary played Santa Claus, though the children did not know him by that name. They thought him only a kind old

man with a long beard and whose heart is big for little children.

The gifts? The babies received the stuffed dollies and the scrap-books. There were blue-and-red bandana handkerchiefs, pencils, packages of crinkly hair-pins, tooth-brushes or mirrors wrapped in handkerchiefs, boxes of crayons, pencil tablets, workbags, properly outfitted, cloth for jackets, small china-headed dollies, paint-boxes, testaments, hymn-books, Pilgrim's Progress, balls, marbles in bags, and many other things to delight the hearts of school children. Most of these things also had come in Christmas boxes from America. The tooth-brushes were a delight, though, of course, they were not sanitary long. The native tooth-brush is really much better, being the end of a twig, chewed to a brush, and used with charcoal for powder. The handkerchiefs were only white muslin ones, but the older girls were very much pleased with them. The missionaries are trying to teach them to use handkerchiefs instead of the ends of their sarees. How often the missionaries have sighed for a Woolworth store! The program was concluded with the singing of "God Save the King." The

compound rang with childish laughter, the response of childish hearts made happy by the loving thoughts that had sent the gifts across the many seas.

By this time the Deputy Commissioner and his wife had returned from the tennis tournament, and joined the rest of the Europeans for tea on the lawn under the big tree. Judy was housekeeper that month, so she had hurried back from the schoolhouse to see that all was in readiness. Big velvety poinsettias from the bushes in the garden decorated the tables. It was a happy social gathering, the guests doing full justice to the chicken and lettuce sandwiches, chocolate and fruit cakes, divinity candy and fudge.

The dinner that evening was at the station missionary's. After that they all repaired to the school building to see the annual stunt that the young men of the Christian community had to present. They had verily become ambitious this time. They announced that they would give the "Taming of the Shrew," by the "Shakespeare sahib." And it was given in a most amazing and amusing manner. The actors had not memorized their parts, but depended on the prompter back

of the curtain, who gave out the lines as needed. So it was, perforce, a very deliberate process. The costumes were original, to say the least. The hero was the avowed lover of one of the teachers. She sat on the front seat, and could not conceal her impatience when the other players were too tedious. The play lasted till midnight. The missahibs left earlier, however, to take home the sleepy youngsters.

On the following day the annual Christmas feast of the Christians was given, eaten in a temporary grass structure on the lawn beside the church. The preparation was the best part of the fun, every member having been busy helping with the cooking. The missionaries ate with them, sitting on the ground, Indian fashion. The curries were very much appreciated, as well as the tea and cakes.

The last festivity of the season was on New Year's day, which was celebrated with games and sports on the big lawn adjoining the church. Both men and women, young and old, partook, and went away happy after enjoying the steaming tea and cakes prepared by the womenfolks.

The Christmas season creates a warm fellow-

ship that lasts throughout the year. Judy felt as if she had really come to know these people in a new and intimate way through the special associations of this time. And she wished that folks at home could know how really the Christ Child has made Christmas to last the whole year round by his coming to this far-away corner of India.

XI

JUDY'S FIRST TOUR

They were having tea together under the big trees on the lawn of the woman's compound. Presently the general missionary remarked that he and his wife were going out on a tour in a raw heathen community the very next day. Judy had wanted to get out into the district for some time. She begged that she might accompany them. Her second language examination was approaching, and there would be opportunity for practise on such a trip as they were planning. So when they started out the next morning Judy was wedged in among the baggage on the back seat of the Ford. Some of the baggage had gone in ox-carts with the servants to the first dak-bungalow the night before. That was to make room for her.

The first stage was thirty-five miles long, along the beautiful tea-garden roads to Dharumtool. There was no special incident except the necessity of refilling the gasoline tank. They reached

the dak-bungalow about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the carts with the other baggage had arrived. It happened also that the servants had put the bungalow in order and were getting tea ready for their guests.

After tea they drove around to the neighboring villages to invite folks to the pictures to be shown at the dak-bungalow that evening. The folks were much interested in the announcement and promised to come. It was nine, however, before they began to arrive, for they had worked in the rice-fields until dark, then they had gone home for supper and many had to walk a long distance to reach the dak-bungalow.

The little folding organ was set up, and two hymns were sung. Judy sang "What a Wonderful Saviour," and Probha Doyal, the evangelist, joined in on the chorus. The white wall of the house served as sheet, the missionary attended the lantern, while the evangelist explained the pictures. The pictures were taken from the life of Christ. The audience seemed impressed, although they grasped only a little of what was said. They were swathed in blankets, for the

nights during the cold season are chilly. There were two other attractions for them beside the pictures, one, the pale, white woman with her ridiculous, tight clothes and her thin voice, and the other the wonderful organ on which she played. Judy finally went back into the crowd, so the folks would give their undivided attention to the pictures. They were invited to come again the next evening, and the meeting broke up in a great hubbub.

The next morning the Ford started out again. There was no one at home in the villages. Every one was out in the fields cutting rice. So the missionary suddenly stopped his car in the road, examined the engine, polished the trimmings, and generally fussed about with the purpose of arousing the curiosity of the folks in the fields near-by. The men came first. Judy motioned to a woman near-by, who immediately took to her heels. The men reassured her, and she came back later for the pretty post-card Judy offered her. Judy began to talk to her about the rice crop, the babies, the name of her village, and the folks in her house, until she lost her fears and went to call the other women. In a marvelously short time a

great crowd had gathered about the car. The missionary and Judy planned to open the service together with a hymn, and then he was to take the men-folks around to the back of the car leaving her the front of it for a woman's meeting. That suited Judy, for she did not want him to listen to her Assamese. But the white woman proved a great attraction, and one by one the men-folks left their meeting and came back to hear what the memsahib had to say. There was a boys' school near-by. When the news reached it that there were white folks holding a meeting near-by, it was dismissed and came over pell-mell with the master. There were scores of children.

Judy showed them the bunch of picture post-cards she had for the children who were quiet while she talked, and laid them on the organ in full view. The older men helped keep the kiddies subdued. Judy opened her picture roll showing our planet floating in space. The people thought it a very beautiful ball. The schoolmaster informed them that it was our earth, with pride in his voice. Their faces were incredulous. Because of her limited vocabulary Judy did not

stop to discuss the matter, but turned the page showing the second picture, that of the Garden of Eden. The people exclaimed over it, the beauty of it, pointing out the animals, and commenting that it must have been a warm country because the people had no clothes on. Then Judy tried to tell them why God created this wonderful world. He wanted some one to love and to love him back, some one to call him "Father." The people listened attentively, occasionally saying *hoi* to show they agreed. Then Judy went on to tell how God's children disappointed him and were disobedient. "Yes," said one old man, "everybody in the world is sinful." Then Judy showed them God's remedy, the Saviour, and the picture was that of the Christ Child lying in a manger with his sweet mother leaning over him. The people were charmed, and pressed so close to see that the evangelist had to remind them of their manners. Judy told simply the Christmas story. Jesus was God himself come to tell men of his love and willingness to forgive and reinstate them. Then she sang in Assamese, "I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me" while Mr. B. vamped on the organ. The chorus goes like this,

Moi rung pao Jesu mok prem co-re
Mok prem co re, mok prem co re
Moi rung pao Jesu mok prem co re
Teo moko prem co re.

She tried to teach it to the children, but they were too shy even to try.

It was beginning to get very hot, so the missionary suggested that the evangelist take the missahib's place lest she should pay for her enthusiasm with a splitting headache. So the cards were given out. Such a scramble you never saw! Old men and women reached out their hands, as well as the kiddies, but her supply was limited, so only the children received them. Then she took her place beside Mrs. B. in the car, and the women, yes, and some of the men, too, crowded around, "just to look." A missionary must get used to being stared at. They mean nothing rude by it. We are as strange to them as they are to us, and they are as curious as the rest of us.

Judy was very much chagrined to know that the missionary had listened to her Assamese, but he said they were quits, for hadn't she broken up his meeting? He said he was sure she had

made herself understood, and hoped she would not forget that it wasn't the part of prudence for an unacclimated young missionary to stand so long in the sun, even with a topee on. But Judy suffered no bad effects. And it was unspeakably sweet to be able to make herself understood by the people.

The next morning the little Ford took them out in another direction. The intention was to go to villages on the other side of the Kullung river, but they found that the ferry was too small to take the car across, and the distance to even the nearest village was too great to walk. But there were many women by the riverside, having come to bring water in their round earthen pots, to scour their brass, or to wash out their garments. Naked brown babies toddled around. Judy decided she had her congregation assembled right there. She used the picture of the baby Moses this time, for this was also a reedy river. The women listened intently, and then they begged her to go to their village with them so that all the women might hear the story and see the picture. Mr. B. sent Probha Doyal, the evangelist, with her, who said he would talk to the men of

the village. Several children ran ahead to herald her coming.

It was a damp, sticky, mud-and-thatch village into which Judy was ushered. The women had just finished "lipping" their courtyards, as the weekly smearing with mud and water is called. They brought out a reed stool. Judy took it over to one of the dry spots. The women continued to stand. Then Judy said that if they stood she would stand too. The ice was broken, they all laughed and squatted down on the ground in front of and around her.

The conversation was general at first, about the babies and grannies, the crops and the weaving, for on the looms near-by beautiful white silk was in the process of making. Then one of them asked her how many children she had. She told them she had none. "Where is your husband?" "I am not married," said Judy. "Oh!" and amazement was written on every face. "In my country girls do not marry so young as they do here in India," Judy went on to explain. "You see our customs are different." They nodded their heads. If a practise is a custom it is all right according to the Indian way of

thinking. Then a dear old *buri,* as the old women are affectionately called, spoke up: "Of course. She's nothing but a girl-person. That's why she is not married." Another asked, "But you will marry sooner or later?" to which Judy replied, "Most women do, don't they?"

Then one of the women who had conducted Judy thither asked her to show the picture and tell the story. These were Mohammedan women. Moses is a familiar character to them, because they accept the Old Testament as Christians do. So the same story was repeated, and then that other Babe was shown, who was God's expression of his interest and love for even womenfolk. One of the women crept very close to Judy as she spoke, and there were tears streaming down her face, though she was trying to hide them. Then Judy sang for them. A youngster interrupted the meeting at this point by bouncing in and saying that the women of the village across the way would like to see the missahib, too, and would she please come at once. The evangelist was talking to a group of men outside, but came out gladly with Judy to the other village.

This village was a more prosperous one, the

A Village Home

houses were more pretentious, and the Mohammedan customs more rigidly adhered to. The women could not go beyond the confines of the bamboo fence, that limits the life of so many millions of India's women, Mohammedan and Hindu alike. Only the servant women and the coolies are free to come and go as they please. Judy was taken to the biggest house in the village, into a big open courtyard, with houses facing on all four sides of it. Three of those houses belonged to sons in the family.

A sweet-faced old lady with a pink jacket and a snowy saree was sifting out rice just brought to her by servant women from the hulling machine. When she saw her visitors she arose and greeted them after the manner of her people with the simple salaam, and called to a servant to bring a chair. Other women began to come in through the communicating alleys, and her daughters, too, presented their salaams. There was no cross-questioning here; doubtless they were already familiar with the details through the woman who had acted as escort. So Judy's audience was ready without any preliminaries. The same story, the same picture, and the same

songs were given again. Several small boys came in from school. At their request Judy sang some more.

Then one of the women informed the crowd that the missahib was tired and that she must have refreshments. She beckoned her to follow, and led her into a room and closed the door. There were two or three other women in the room. A servant brought a cup of tea, sirupy with sugar, and white with milk. (Judy hates milk in tea.) It was served in a huge, pink cup; the cup had a saucer, and was much treasured. They brought her a spoon, a tin one, but the only one the establishment afforded, no doubt. The room was very stuffy. In front of Judy was a chang, as the bamboo bedsteads are called, piled high with bags of rice and bedding. Behind her were some more bags of rice, and a number of brass pots of various sizes and shapes. In the corner stood an unused loom. The window was near the roof and latticed. They brought her some flat cakes made of rice flour and water; this is the ordinary Indian bread. They tasted as flat as they looked. But Judy nibbled bravely, not wanting to give offense. She asked how they

were made, and quite like American women, they eagerly told her their favorite recipes. Another cake was brought, but Judy could not eat it. She explained to them that not long ago she had had her breakfast. But she would like to take it to show the memsahib at the dak-bungalow. This pleased them immensely, and they brought four more and did them up in a banana leaf. Later on Probha Doyal had them for his supper.

When Judy rose to go she told them of the stereopticon pictures the sahib was showing at the dak-bungalow every night. They begged her to ask him to bring them to their village that night as they would not be able to go to the dak-bungalow. They went with her as far as they were allowed to venture. The evangelist said, when he had heard of her reception, that Judy had been treated as an honored guest.

That evening they brought the lantern to this village. The men had kept their promise to spread the news. There were hundreds of dark faces turned toward the sheet that night. After the preliminary singing and playing Judy went to the women who were seated back of the sheet, seeing the pictures from the reverse side. Some-

times she had to explain some of the pictures to them. They crowded around her eagerly, feeling her hair, her dress, her hands.

It was a memorable evening for Judy. The women made a strong appeal, and she wished she might stay on with them and teach them. It was a strange sensation to stand on a stool and sing in the midst of this sea of dark faces belonging to another race, with only the light of a lantern to see the words by.

So the days went by, spent in the villages and markets. Judy lost her self-consciousness as she spoke her newly learned tongue. She could speak whether Mr. B. was listening or not. In the bazaars she would gather the women together and the children. The men were sent away by the announcement that the meeting was for " females." One old lady was highly amused at one time, and she said to her neighbor in a whisper, " She doesn't like to have the men looking at her, either." She made a very good policeman after that.

To Judy there came more than added facility in the use of the language. There came a vision of untold opportunities and possibilities among

the warm-hearted women of Assam. She received an insight into their lives and ways of thinking. She went back to the station with a heavy heart thinking of the darkness and need everywhere. But on reaching the school compound with its strong white buildings, and on being welcomed back by bevies of girls in snowy sarees, girls whose bright, intelligent faces bespoke trained minds and responsive hearts, it came to her that, after all, the school is the strategic point from which to work. These girls would go back to the villages and do much more for the women there than she ever could hope to accomplish. No work in all the world could be more effective than that among these responsive schoolgirls, who would soon be the makers and keepers of the ideals for the future Assam.

XII

WEDDING-BELLS

I. The Wedding of a High Caste Hindu Girl

Jamuna had become such a big girl. It was high time that her father looked up a suitable husband for her, for he wanted to do his duty by her even though she was only a girl. Jamuna's childhood, that is, her past eleven years, had been happy enough. Being the daughter of a well-to-do Brahmin she moved among the other children of the neighborhood like the little aristocrat she was, and had certain honors paid her in her small world by those of lesser station. She had always had enough to eat; her father had been generous in the matter of jewels and pretty sarees; when she went to the temple on special days none looked prettier than she in her gay silken garments with borders of pure gold. Her father kept enough servants so his little daughter did not have to work as some little Hindu girls do. So far she had been free to go out-of-doors,

and there were many interesting sights in the pilgrim city. For her home was in one of those tall, white buildings facing the holy Ganges, in Khasi, the holiest city of Hindustan. We call the city Benares. Every morning she went to bathe in the holy river, and always teased the little boy from whom she bought the marigold garland to throw on the bosom of the stream after she bathed. Her mother went with her, heavily veiled, to a private bathing ghat. Many were the questions with which Jamuna plied her as groups of strangers, in stranger dress and language, passed them. Her mother could not tell her much. She had all she could do to watch her steps because of her draperies. Jamuna always carried a brass bowl of rice, and coins for the priests. As she passed along the narrow alleyways between the tall buildings, through the winding temple passages, she would drop the rice into the begging-bowls of the wan-faced widows sitting in long rows on either side. Thousands of widows in India have no other means of livelihood, and to give them alms gives merit with the gods. Jamuna once asked her mother about them, where they came from, why they were so

poor. And her mother was vexed with her. She said these women were great sinners, and the gods had punished them by taking away from them their husbands. It was very improper even to mention widows, so she must never even talk about them. She must strive very hard to be good and observe all the rules of her caste, lest a like misfortune befall her.

They bowed before the elephant-headed god Ganesh, the giver of good fortune, and worshiped the deformed Jagannath to win merit. He is so ugly it gives special merit to honor him. In a brass bowl they carried Ganges water, and with a little spoon they threw it over the images and shrines in the niches in the walls. These little images were always drenched with water and smothered with flowers. They hung garlands of marigolds and jasmine over the necks of the stone images of Siva's bull, and received the blessing of the saffron-robed priests.

Jamuna loved the gay bazaar. On one occasion a blue-eyed memsahib had smiled on her and asked her her name. These white folks seemed to have plenty of money, for they always had servants with them and bought ever so much

Girl Wife, Nowgong, Assam

brassware. Jamuna would laugh with the others when she heard of the prices they paid for things, for the wily merchants were not slow to take any advantage they could. They suffered no pangs of conscience either, for, according to their philosophy of life, what the white folks did not know was no fault of theirs, and it was sinful to let opportunities for profit go by. Sometimes, though, the tables would turn, and some Englishman, having been in the country for a long time, would get the better of the merchant. Then the merchant would enjoy telling the joke on himself.

There were many other sights in the bazaar that fascinated the child. There were many travelers from other lands, there were the gay processions of priests carrying the idols, and following them the drummers, musicians, and dancers. There were Mohammedan parades, too. Nearly every day the fantastic and lean holy men came marching in in single file to worship at Khasi's shrines. Then there were the snake-charmers, and the dancing bears and performing monkeys. At night there were gay wedding processions, with torches, gaudily decorated elephants, dancers, and enchanting music. Some-

times, yes often, the mournful sight, which never failed to fill her childish mind with awe, of mourners carrying their dead to be burned at the funeral ghats.

Jamuna knew little of the schools, for she had never been enrolled in one, but from the streets of her native city she picked up no little knowledge of life in its sterner as well as its gayer aspects. She grew winsomely, as a flower grows, without restraint.

But now she was a grown-up girl. She was quite old enough to be married, in the opinion of her folks. Her father's best friend lived but a few blocks away, whose son Gopal was now fourteen. His caste and social standing were as good as Jamuna's, and he should make a good husband for her. So the barber, who is the go-between in India, was sent for, and to him the wishes of the family were made known. At once he and their family priest met in Gopal's house with Jamuna's horoscope, carefully made out at the time of her birth. This was compared with that of Gopal. It was found that his stars were stronger than hers, auguring well for the match. The two family priests, after long and serious

deliberation, decided that there was nothing to hinder or forbid the marriage of Gopal and Jamuna.

The two families concerned were very much pleased, and the betrothal ceremonies began at once. Jamuna's father sent the young man a coconut, the proxy of popping the question. Of course Gopal accepted it, for his father wished it, though he himself did not know the bride elect. He sent her fine presents—a silk saree with a border of pearls, delicate sweetmeats done up in a plantain leaf, a fine silver filigree necklace, a moonstone ring, and some shiny silver rupees. Jamuna's father returned the compliment by sending gifts to his future son-in-law, and one evening he went over to the house and himself put a red mark on the forehead of the boy to seal the contract.

The following April Jamuna was married. Her father had sent out a notice of the occasion and the date, and Gopal's father had invited the guests. The wedding procession to the house was a brilliant one, quite in keeping with the standing of a rich man. In front of the procession danced a fantastic figure, disguising a man.

Then followed animal figures and masked ones, moved by the men inside of them. Some of the guests came on elephants, some on horseback, and many in carriages of various kinds. Acetylene lamps were carried to light the scene, and a band played Indian music. As they approached the home of the bride there was a display of fireworks, and the friends inside the house said to each other, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh, let us go out to meet him."

In the meantime the barber had brought the bride a silver rupee and an earthen pot, and she had given him sweets. Then he, too, went out to meet the groom. Jamuna was bathed, perfumed, bedecked, and bejewelled, and was as sweet as any white-gowned bride in America. Her saree was pale pink satin, delicately embroidered with solid gold thread. Her pale blue, silk jacket was beribboned, and its flowing sleeves edged with wide lace. In her hair were silver ornaments, and her necklaces, bangles, anklets, earrings, nose-ring, and rings were of gold set with rubies.

As the bridegroom approached Jamuna's father went out to welcome him. In the meantime

the door of Jamuna's chamber had been smeared with cowdung to purify it and keep away evil spirits. Her father welcomed Gopal with an embrace, put a mark on his forehead, a garland around his neck, and caressed his feet. He also gave him handsome presents—silken garments, an elephant, and money. The bridegroom was escorted to a seat under a canopy in front of the house, and the place was gay with paper festoons in color, palm branches, and many small lights. Here he waited with his friends, entertained with music and dancing, and partaking of the betel-nut together.

About midnight, when everything was ready, the groom and his friends were invited to a tent, made by a rich cloth propped up with poles. This was in the courtyard where the ceremony was to take place. The groom was given food that had been blessed by the family priest, and while he ate it, his father-in-law bathed his feet. Then a piece of yellow cloth was fastened to his coat, and Jamuna, completely hidden in another yellow cloth, entered the room. They seated her at the boy's left. Then the entire company worshiped Ganesh that he might bring prosperity to the new

family. Then the family priests read out the male ancestors of the young people. The girl's right hand was placed in the boy's right hand, and their garments were tied together. Then, while one of priests read out the names of the great gods, the young people sat together facing the east. For with the Hindus every occasion is a religious one. Their gods are exceedingly jealous, and it would never do to leave them out of anything. The priest, having received his fee, built an altar, and while the incense burned on it, the whole company worshiped.

The young people were then covered with a sheet, and the groom was given some rice. This he shared with her, and she put her part on a flat stone. Then, clasping hands, the boy and girl walked around the fire in which incense had been thrown, and this made them man and wife. The priest gave the boy advice, speaking in behalf of the bride. He told him that he should always take his wife with him on pilgrimages and when he visited the temples, and that he must never forsake her in time of trouble. At the end the priest chanted, "Vishnu, Agni, and the Brahmins are witnesses between us."

The young husband replied, "I will do what my bride asks, but she must love, honor, and obey me." And she said: "I will do what you ask. And Vishnu, Agni, and the Brahmins are witnesses between us." The priest prayed, the groom sprinkled the bride with holy water, and both worshiped the sun. Then the boy, placing one hand over the girl's heart, put some red powder in the parting of her hair, marking her as a married woman, and slipping out of his shoes, allowed her to stand in them for a few moments.

Then Gopal left Jamuna, going back to his own home. She did not see him for two years. In the meantime she was being carefully prepared for her duties as homemaker and mother, being initiated into the mysteries of household arts, being taught how to please a mother-in-law and the religious duties of women. Daily she performed special acts of worship at the temple so that her husband might not die and leave her a widow. But, both being young, the day came when Gopal claimed his wife. It was a time of great agony for both mother and daughter. The mother well knew the trials that would beset her darling as she tried to please her mother-in-law,

for it is the mother-in-law's privilege to lord it over her new daughter. The girl was stricken with grief at the thought of leaving her home and loved ones and all she held dear. But it was all a part of a good woman's life, so they decked her in her finery and led her to the covered palkee which was to convey her to her new home.

Here we lost sight of pretty Jamuna. Her world was thence forward limited by the confines of the courtyard. When she went to the temples she was always heavily veiled. Being only a child we know how homesick she must have been, how perplexed with the new relationships, and how her heart must have ached for a glimpse of her dear mother's face. Such is the lot which falls to the girls of India.

But she might have fared much worse. Hers is a bright story. She might have been married to an old man, a diseased one, or even a leper. She might always have been poor and neglected. She might early have been left a widow to lose her pretty ornaments and her silken hair, to be despised and neglected, and, perhaps, to join the long line sitting in the temple alleys begging her rice from unsympathetic passers-by.

II. A Wedding in Garoland

Hindu girls have no opportunities to know the man or boy they are to marry before their wedding-day. All the arrangements are made by their parents. So often the little girl wife finds life unspeakably hard because she has no love for the man to whom she has been married.

But in Garoland matters are different. The girl herself chooses and proposes. There is no caste or purdah system among the non-Hindus of the Assam hills, and the young people mingle freely. Among the Christians marriage is a very serious thing—but my story will tell you that.

Prosoni Marak was a lively Garo girl, with sparkling black eyes and a plump, active body. Like her companions, in the summertime she wore only the straight *meklah,* a shirtlike garment that she brought up under her arms and knotted tightly in front. In the cold season she wore in addition a cloth over her shoulders. Her hair was drawn tightly back from her face, twisted into a tight little knot at the back of her neck with the end sticking out in a stiff little wisp. She was not pretty according to our

standards, for her face was broad and flat, with Mongolian features. She was a normal, sturdy, healthy girl, whose pranks were often disapproved by the old men of the church. But she was always the center of fun in the younger circles.

When she was about sixteen a girl chum asked her plump out if she ever intended to marry. Prosoni tossed her head and laughed, saying she was quite happy as she was. But the question set her to thinking. She began to eye the village boys with a new interest. She knew the choice rested with her, and she could not help wondering which of them she would choose should she decide to marry. But no one ever suspected such serious thoughts in her little head, for outwardly she was as harum-scarum as ever.

Then Noren Sangma came back home from the Mission School, proudly bearing the certificate that testified to his having completed successfully the work of the grammar grades. To Prosoni he was a great hero. He dressed so well! He knew so much! He could even speak English! He was appointed head master of the little village school, which is a position of no lit-

tle importance in Garo circles. Prosoni's heart began to flutter one day as the thought flashed to her that this was the boy she should like to marry. He was a Sangma and she was a Marak, so there were no tribal barriers. She had been to school and had studied up to the third grade, so perhaps he would not think her too ignorant. Her father was well-to-do according to village standards, having land of his own for rice cultivation, two yoke of oxen, and a comfortable house. He had also a good standing in the church. As the groom always goes to live with his wife's folks in Garoland these considerations were important.

So, one day, she went to her mother and shyly told her that she would like to marry Noren. Her mother was pleased, for Noren was much better than the rough village boys. The father, on being consulted, agreed, and Prosoni was told to sit down and write the letter of proposal. She would have much preferred her father to write it, but he had never been taught that mysterious art. "It is no shame to write it yourself," said he. "It is our custom, and we have found it to be a good one." The letter was drafted many times

on her school slate before it was laboriously copied on the sheet of paper and sealed in the envelope brought from the post-office a few miles away. The letter was then sent to Noren by a special messenger.

Prosoni became quieter and more dignified in her ways, for suddenly she had become a woman. No longer was it hard to get her to help in the house. Indeed, so industrious became she that her folks teased her about it.

A week passed before the answer to her letter was received. This was perfectly proper, for the young man must take time to make inquiries and seek advice in the matter. Prosoni was a general favorite among the young folks, and the older ones could not deny that she was a good worker in the rice-fields, had always come to church, and they thought that even though she was somewhat light-headed now, she would settle down after marriage.

Noren Sangma wrote a beautiful letter in reply to say that he accepted the proposal. The native pastor called the people together and made known the desire of the young people, stating that the time of probation would be one year.

A Garo Schoolgirl

That meant that if the young people behaved themselves in a worthy manner during that time no objection would be raised to their marriage.

It was a trying year for Prosoni. She tried to keep her vivacity in check, to be especially industrious and well pleasing. She saw the man of her choice frequently, but never to speak with him. Had they had the opportunity, they would not have known what to say to each other.

At last the year of probation was ended. The church-members were again called together to pass judgment on the matter. Noren had been simply faultless, and Prosoni had improved considerably during the year. So the young people were informed that the church gave its blessing, and the bans were read. Every member of the church expected to be at the wedding, and the whole village looked forward to a great holiday.

The ceremony took place in the little village church, a bamboo-and-plaster house with a thatch roof. There were no pews, for the people preferred sitting on the floor. But friends of the couple had made the place gorgeous with paper festoons and flowers.

The bride's clothes had come from Gauhati

forty miles away. She came into the church looking very beautiful in a bright, pink, lace-trimmed jacket, a lace petticoat showing through the thin white saree with its brave blue border. She had new earrings, shaped like bottle-stoppers, of Indian gold and set with red stones. Yes, and a glittering necklace of gilt beads, and a new silver ring. The groom was a gallant figure in a new, tight-fitting coat of green alpaca, the tails of his new light blue shirt showing beneath, and he wore short khaki trousers such as the native police wear. He wore shoes and stockings and was, withal, a fine groom. Over his shoulders was draped a thin white cloth, the insignia of educated young gentlemen in India.

The gray-haired old pastor, wearing a pink wool cap, conducted the ceremony, the Christian ceremony of all lands. Two of the elders gave the young couple advice. As they turned from the altar their young friends playfully tied his scarf to the end of her saree. The bride hid her face in confusion, and there was much laughter at their expense. The guests went to the bride's home and were feasted, the afternoon passing in singing and merriment.

The next day Noren's things were brought over from his old home, and room was made for him in the new. A very happy home life was theirs. And now Prosoni's plump, laughing daughter is a member of the mission school family at Gauhati. Prosoni has won a reputation for her excellent housekeeping, and her husband is a highly respected member of the community.

When Christianity touches life anywhere, every relationship becomes holy because love becomes the ruling motive.

XIII

A TIGER STORY FROM THE MIKIR HILLS

Mikirland is far away from Assam's busy towns, with their post-offices, railroads, and market-places. Ever-changing green hills are there and luxuriant foliage. There live the sturdy, half-wild race from whom the hills are named. Scarcely one in a hundred of them can read, yet they have some knowledge that few of the world's best educated know anything about. They believe in a God who cares for the tiger and controls his actions. This same God frowns on sin in humans, and the tiger is his messenger of punishment. They believe that no innocent person is ever hurt by these beasts. The most binding oath that can be taken among them is this, "Let a tiger eat me if I speak not the truth." After taking this oath, water in which a tiger's tooth has been scraped is drunk to seal it.

And this is the story of the death of Teke, a huge Mr. Stripes of the Mikir hills, told to Judy

by the veteran missionary who figures in the story, and told to me by Judy.

Among these fair hills one day went forth a young woman with her husband who was an opium-eater. They well knew that the earth was bad that morning, which is the Mikir's way of saying that a man-eating tiger was about. But the rice was ripe and falling from the heads, and must be cut and brought in. The field was near the village, and, despite the protestations of the older and wiser folks, they decided to take the risk. Toward noon the young man Sangrek came running into the village crying, *Pontanglo* ("Taken away")! Every one knew without further explanation what had happened. While young Sangrek was building the fire on which they were to cook their breakfast, his wife Kavé was breaking up some dry wood fifteen yards away. Suddenly there was a streak of tawn, a tiny shriek, another streak of tawn toward the jungle! The man, paralyzed with fear, staggered as fast as he could to the village for safety. Not a soul in that village dared take up the tiger's trail or search for the remains of the hapless woman until the tiger priest had been called and

the appropriate sacrifices had been made. The priest took care to prolong the ceremonies until he was satisfied that Mr. Stripes had finished his meal and had departed from the vicinity. Then, with the entire village at his heels, he started out, calling in a loud voice, "Come on, fellows, come along, come, come!" With spears, knives, and guns they searched for a bit of bone, hair, or cloth belonging to the dead with which to perform the burial rites. Until these funeral ceremonies had been performed the village would be practically boycotted. Travelers would rather go around than through it, even though the distance were much greater.

A week passed by. The people resumed their work, taking care to go in groups of six or eight. The hills were still smiling and beautiful in the tints of the autumn. Nature was as serene as if nothing tragic ever happened on those hillsides.

Then, one day, Kachi and Kadom, two sturdy village women, went a little way into the jungle to dig yams, and gather wood. Oh yes, they would remember to come home before dusk. But the time slipped by, Kadom and Kachi did not return, and the husband and children waited

through the night with a growing fear in their hearts.

Reports were sent to the tribal headman. He expressed his sympathy, but that was all he could do until morning. No one could trail anything by torch-light in the dense jungle. No one dared venture into the great forest by night. The next morning the whole village took up the trail, as before, and after two hours came upon two digging-baskets, two spades, and a few blood-stained leaves. A little farther on hanging from a bush they found a woman's skirt. They said scarcely a word, they touched neither baskets nor skirt, but walked silently back to the village, where but a look on the faces of the searching party told those who had remained behind the whole story. They had no money now to conduct the funeral rites. An opium-dealer had bled the little village. The world would have to boycott them. They would get on by some hook or crook, encouraged by the daily dose of opium. There would be no tombstones. There would be no funeral rites for these two who had perished while searching for food for their families. Two or three children, crying for their mothers, were

hushed by their elders, making explanations to avoid telling the horrible facts.

The days of mourning passed, the people staying closely indoors. But families and a village of families have to work for their rice or starve. Three men went out to prepare a field for planting. Only two came back. Traders were much inconvenienced because after that they could not get men to bring the produce down to the plains. A European, who was putting up a camp-house, could not get men to bring the necessary materials, though the distance was only a mile. The men were willing to work and needed the money, but refused to go unless twelve of them were allowed to go together. The head man of the tribe sent word to the European that already the tiger had taken his sister and five others from his village five miles away.

In Mikirland, the law is, that after a certain number have been taken by a tiger, the village must be abandoned. Many had just finished new houses, but they must leave them, and go away several miles to make new ones. The tiger's frown, which meant to them the wrath of the tiger's god, rested upon the old homes. "Who

can fight against a demon?" is the reply when asked what they are doing to rid themselves of this "day-and-night devil" as he is called. "We dare not fight against the god," is another common reply.

But a day of reckoning was coming for Mr. Tiger. The morning fogs had lifted, and the sun was again elaborating the richness of the forest verdure. The villagers left their town near the camp-house of the European to care for the four-acre patch of mustard, about half a mile away. They had eaten a full meal that they might work all day and be home before dark. With flails and sticks the little company were beating out the seed of the mustard, later to be pressed to extract the oil for cooking purposes. Some were treading out the seeds with their bare feet. One of the women was cutting wood with an ax. The saying is "Where the sound of the ax is heard there the man-eater goes." But they had to have wood for fire, and where there were so many of them together there was no cause for fear, they thought. The mustard had been pulled and stacked, though in some places it had been so luxuriant that it had to be cut. Nevertheless,

there was not stubble enough to give cover for even a partridge.

It is hard to explain the actions of a tiger, but he was near and had his plans all laid. No one saw the mystic approach. All hands were busy, and now and again peals of laughter indicated merry hearts, when suddenly, as if out of nowhere, there was a leap that crushed the chopper to the earth, and the man-eater, with his prey in his mouth, strode proudly off to the jungle. The rest of them, not waiting to make sure that the more honorable ones were first in line, made a wild dash for the path to the village.

The European, who was an American missionary, was standing on the porch of his camp-house when the helter-skelter mob rushed up the steps to take shelter with him. He guessed the cause of the human stampede, and his suspicion was confirmed by the story they told. Here was fresh and reliable information about the beast he had long wanted to meet. More than once he had seen tiger tracks in the jungle paths, and wondered if Mr. Stripes were watching him. Now he hoped that his turn to watch and catch Mr. Stripes had come.

He read a few words out of a book, knelt in prayer to his God, and then turning to the men, asked for volunteers to go with him. Even the tiger priest, who had often boasted that men of his class were immune from fear of the beast, had come with the rest to take refuge in the camp-house. The sahib handed him a gun and said: "Well, come on. Let us go out and get his skin if we can." But the priest threw up his arms in horror. "Take up arms against the gods! Fight a demon! Never, never, never." There was no help for the sahib from that quarter. Like priest, like people. Not a man of them dared to volunteer. At last a boy was found who was willing to go as far as the field to carry the guns. They set out, the sahib and he, carrying the guns, toward the field where the mustard was stacked. Then, suddenly an elephant with his driver on his back, hove into view. An agreement was made by which the sahib was allowed to track the tiger from the back of the elephant.

The next few moments were so tense that a description must fall far short of the reality. It is sport to go on an elephant after a cow-eating tiger, if one knows that the elephant is stanch,

and with a howdah (seat) and battery of guns all loaded, to depend on, but with a strange elephant, who might turn tail and run straight into the jungle, through brush and thorn trees, with the sahib on his back risking his limbs, or, like Absalom, dismounting in a way and place where one's feet do not touch the ground, it is an altogether different proposition. The sahib told his companions, the driver and the servant, that all communication must be done by signs only, and he resolved that he himself would fire no chance, provocative shots. A few yards up the trail he saw a woman's cloth on the ground. Then he plunged into the jungle where only a few ruffled leaves here and there showed the trail. The advance was a most cautious one. He had his gun ready to fire instantly. But he noticed that his own breathing was much more natural than that of the driver. Suddenly the great beast was halted, and the driver pointed ahead excitedly with his prod. Not fifteen yards away lay three quarters of a brown body, the other quarter having gone with the tiger to get a drink.

A few feet to the right was a tree with forked limbs. A blanket was put across them to form

A Group of Mikir Girls
Who Came to Judy's School

a seat. The servant, after a few whispered instructions, went to bring the thermos bottle and the sahib's lunch. The elephant driver was told to move away a little distance into the jungle until called for.

The sahib was left alone, sitting up in the tree near the dead body, hoping the tiger would come back very soon.

Listen, here he comes! A great rustling of leaves announces his approach. But no, it is only a frisky squirrel. The sahib says under his breath: "Hello, old chap. Have you seen anything of old Mr. Tiger this morning?" And the little chap said: "Yep, yep, yep, he's gone for a drink, drink, drink, and a nap, nap, nap. He'll be back shortly, and you'll score all right, right, right. Aim fine, for he's a demon, he is, is, is. Good luck to you. I, I, I don't like the noise your walking-stick makes, so I'll bid you good-by-by-by. I'm very busy today." (At least, that's what the sahib thought he said.) And there are other visitors. Among them is a green bird with a yellow throat. The writer knows only his Mikir name, but by two unmistakable marks you may know him. He burrows into the side

of a bank to sleep at night, and when he goes for a walk he spends his time gliding up and sliding down-hill. He promises the sahib that if he spots Mr. Tiger he'll send him a wireless. "If you hear me screaming louder than any old *boing-su* (the bird's Mikir name) you ever heard, just get your nerves and gun awfully ready. Good-by."

Then another great rustle is heard. But it is only the servant bringing the lunch. It is soon disposed of, and the thermos bottle is hung on a limb for future use. The sahib signals the servant to depart. But he does not go. He advances cautiously and tells the sahib that he must go now as the elephant-driver wants to leave and will not come back again. Thereupon the sahib, with soft words and daggerlike looks assures him that the driver will come as soon as he hears the report of a gun or—!!!! The servant creeps away, and soon the driver is moving through the dry bamboos with a racket that would waken any sleeping thing. From the opposite direction the sahib hears the breaking of a twig, and some fifty yards away the grass is moving with a regular motion. Ah, there he comes up the dry run

which is almost concealed by grass. Would he get the scent of the men and the elephant and become wary? Or would he boldly venture forth to see who was near his prey? Instinctively the rifle points toward a spot where the grass is not so thick, and soon the great head of the man-slayer appears in that exact spot as if led by fate. The finger presses the trigger, ten drachms of powder are set on fire, three ounces of lead goes twirling straight to its mark. Then the smoke clears slowly. When it has lifted, in the opening of the dry run, lying horizontal with the ground are the hind legs of Mr. Stripes. Descending, the sahib sees that the brute's backbone is broken. He covers the woman's mutilated body with dry leaves, the only burial it ever has. Soon the other two arrive. They come very reluctantly, for fear that the beast may not be really dead. He is not an old tiger, for his teeth are in fine condition.

Word was sent to the village, and the men came running. It took eight of them to carry him, and they had to pause frequently for rest, so heavy was he. The coat, when stretched for drying, measured over twelve feet in length. Crowds

from every hillside came to see it. They told each other mournfully, "He ate my mother," "He ate my brother."

And now his beautiful striped coat adorns the drawing-room of one of the sahib's friends in Los Angeles.

XIV

AITI, A FLOWER OF THE ASSAM HILLS

"Hai! hai! The memsahib is coming! The memsahib is coming!"

A crowd of brown urchins, minus as to dress, but happy withal, tumbled out of their mud doorways out into the street. The tousle-headed rascal who had sounded the alarm, was pointing down the narrow trail-like street.

The memsahib in question was Mrs. L., a missionary, who was taking a walk in the Impur town that evening. As she proceeded up the street mothers stopped their cooking for a moment to take a peek at her, the men stared openly, some even joining the ever-increasing number of children following her. For she spoke kindly to them in their native tongue. They liked to look at her white skin, faded hair and eyes, spectacles, and queer clothes. One little girl pressed quite close. Mrs. L. noticed her, attracted by her bright eyes and sunny smile. She began talking

to the little girl, and from her she got the information she was seeking of a widow living somewhere up the street with her two little girls. As it happened, the child was one of the girls, and volunteered the information that she was Aiti, and her mother was at home. The child's father was a cook, who had come to the hills from the plains to cook for a missionary family. At the time of his death he had been away from home. He had sent money through the English official of the district with a message to Mr. L. in which he expressed his desire that the two little girls be taken care of by the missionaries. Their mother was a heathen woman with a bad reputation.

Aiti piloted Mrs. L. to the house. Her mother was there as Aiti had said. The children and men who had followed stopped outside, looking in through the door, taking everything in. Aiti's mother was hospitable according to the custom of the Assam hills. Aiti's mother was a hill-woman herself. Her husband had come from the plains. When it seemed as if the time had come to explain her errand Mrs. L. told them of the school for girls on the mission compound,

and of their father's request that the two girls be sent there.

She turned to Aiti, and told her of the girls on the hill, how happy they were, how they could sing, and sew and read. Aiti's eyes were shining and she crept up close to Mrs. L. as she spoke. "Wouldn't you like to come to this school?" The little sister was breathless, too, by this time. And as Mrs. L. looked into the faces of these two lovely girls, she prayed in her heart that God might make the mother willing to let her have them. Aiti's mother was considering. She seemed pleased with the idea. Doubtless she was thinking that the children would not cost her anything, that they would be well taken care of, that when they grew big, she could marry them off well if they were educated. So she gave her consent. The next Monday morning the two girls appeared bright and early, their faces scrubbed and with clean blanket on in honor of the occasion.

I wish I might have been around to hear those folks discuss the new venture. I doubt not but that many of the villagers tried to tell the mother she was making a mistake. I am sure that the

mother must have been pleased to think the white folks saw anything promising in those harum-scarum girls of hers. Anyway the girls came to the mission and soon became part of its busy happy life. They were quick to learn, responsive to kindness, and grew daily more promising and attractive.

Then the new doctor sahib and his wife came to Impur town to live. They had a big tea-party in honor of their coming on the lawn in front of the house. All the native Christians came, and the schoolgirls had been invited. The sahib's servants in glistening white uniforms and pugrees passed tea and sweets. The new memsahib had a darling baby girl, who attracted much attention. Aiti, especially, was fascinated with the pink-and-white Elizabeth, and stood as close as she dared, with a rapt face.

It was not long before the new memsahib found that she would need help with her baby if she were really to study the language. She spoke to Mrs. L. about it, asking if there was a schoolgirl who might come and live in her home and help. Mrs. L. thought at once of Aiti. So it came about that Aiti became a member of the

Aiti and Kumbho
On Their Wedding-day
Impur, Assam

doctor's household. Of course, it was hard at first, especially as Mrs. B. could not speak Naga, and Aiti could not speak English. That worried Aiti. So she made up her mind she would learn English. She learned it so rapidly that Mrs. B. soon was able to speak freely with her in English, and scarcely ever used Naga. Aiti was in the doctor's home for a long time, studying in the little mission school until she had learned all they could teach her there.

One day the doctor and his wife were discussing Aiti. She was so willing, bright, and clean. What a help she could be in a bigger way if she were trained! They decided that they were not doing right by her to keep her tending babies when she might be teaching. So it came about that Aiti became a student at the Nowgong Mission school.

She was a little old for her classes, but her maturity made it easy to train her also in more serious ways of thinking. She has a sunny disposition and charming manners. The children adore her. In numberless sweet, unselfish ways Aiti was a real blessing in the life of the school. She was a great help to the missahibs in various

ways. She did well in her school work. When she had completed the fourth grade it seemed best to give her training in the junior training-class, which prepares girls to teach in the primary grades. She would like to have finished all the grades first, but she kept thinking of the need of her friends in Impur town. She passed the teachers' examination with flying colors. She is a wonder at telling stories. The inspectress of schools, an English woman, was particularly impressed with Aiti's gifts and personality. She spoke to the missahibs about her. She said she would like her as an assistant, she would be particularly useful to her in showing the teachers in the schools how to tell stories. The missahibs said she might speak to Aiti about it.

When the inspectress broached the subject to Aiti, naming a big salary and describing the advantages she would have, as well as the good she might do, Aiti was pleased. The proposition appealed to her very much. But, thinking of the folks up in the Naga Hills, she said, simply:

"Thank you, missahib. It is very nice of you to ask me. But the girls in the Naga hills have no one to help them, so they need me worse than

you do. It is my duty and desire to return to them."

So, when the new missahib arrived from America for the new girls' school in the Naga hills, Aiti was ready to go with her. How glad the new lady was to find so ready and well-equipped a teacher, so sweet and true a friend. It was a comfort, too, to have some one who understood English. Aiti was a great help to her in her language study as well. Aiti took over the primary department in the Sunday school and has made a great success of it.

Now Aiti has a home all her own. Her husband is a fine young Christian who is one of the teachers in the flourishing boys' school in Impur. A bouncing baby boy has come to gladden the home. Aiti keeps her home and baby very clean. When Mrs. L. came away for furlough she had to sell some of her things to make room for another family moving in. Aiti bought the foot-tub. Mrs. L. asked her what she wanted it for, and she replied that she wanted it for a bathtub for her baby. The native hill-women come for miles to see Aiti's house, to watch her bathe her baby. At first they warned her that it would

die if she washed it so much, but her boy thrives despite the daily bath, and back in the hills the mothers are learning to bathe their babies, too. She shares with them her recipes for curry, shows them how to cut and make their jackets, and how to crochet the lace to trim them. Many a brown-eyed Naga girl sees in Aiti an ideal she too would like to reach. Many a Naga girl and woman will be won to the glad service of King Jesus through the wholesome influence of Aiti's unselfish Christian life.

Her little sister was married to a Mohammedan, much against the missionaries' will. It had been prearranged and could not be avoided. But she was a staunch Christian, and through her Christian life has won her husband and many of the family to Christ. Through the prayers of the girls the heathen mother is now a Christian. How glad the Master must be that there is a mission school on that hilltop sending out a stream of influence that is slowly, but surely, winning new subjects for his great kingdom, among the Nagas.

XV

KODUMI, A STORY OF ONE OF JUDY'S SCHOOLGIRLS

If you were Hindu boys and girls, living in a little village of northeastern India, you would go to school in a funny little bamboo house, with plastered walls and a thatch roof. You and your schoolmates would sit tailor-fashion on mats on the floor, around the edges of the room, with your backs against the walls, so that there was an open space in the middle for the classes to recite in. If your father could afford to buy it for you, you would have a slate, or else, the nice, white, inner lining of the banana shrub, on which you could write very nicely with a pointed stick. You would not mind not having a desk, for you never saw one. Your teacher, a man with a large turban on his head, and wearing spectacles, would be seated in a sahib's chair near a little table. When your turn came to read, you would march up into the space in the middle with your class to stand in a row up in front of

him. There are only tiny windows in the schoolroom, and on the walls are a torn map of India, and some bright drawings done by the big scholars.

Outside the sun is very hot, but inside the thick walls and thatch keep you cool. Sometimes a goat walks in and says " salaam " to you. Once a calf came in and danced round and round. The children were very much amused. Such a time as the master had to get him out! He simply persisted in fitting into the occasion.

The Indian alphabet in that part of India, at least, is called *kawkaws*. That is a very appropriate name, I think, for when you hear the little folks saying it over—kaw, khaw, gaw, ghaw, ngaw, etc.—it does sound for all the world like crows trying to recite. The older boys and girls copy their lessons in note-books for they have no text-books. The master writes these lessons on the little square blackboard in front.

Kodumi went to just such a school. When our story begins she was in the fourth grade. It was in the cool season, when folks had to wear heavy shawls to keep warm. During the recess period the children had discovered a tent in a vacant lot

near-by. Soon they found out that a memsahib, as they call white women, had come to the village, for she had been seen in the bazaar, and her cook had been around to the village houses to buy chickens and eggs. He had told them that she would stay two days, and that doubtless she would visit the school.

Kodumi and her pal Bogi were very much excited. They whispered about it behind their slates when the master was not looking. Neither of them had seen a white woman. Kodumi's father had seen them in the big town near-by, and told how funny they looked in their tight clothes and fuzzy hair. They never used coconut oil on their hair, so it couldn't be expected to lie down smooth!

Soon a small boy who had been out to get a drink, said, in a whisper so loud that everybody heard him: "The memsahib is coming down the road, and I think she is coming here. White folks always do inspect the school."

The master was as excited as the children. He told them to straighten their books; he collected all the note-books and drawings and laid them in a pile on the table. He dusted off the chair and

was all ready to receive the white woman when she came in. The children almost forgot their manners, but, being reminded, they jumped to their feet and said, " Salaam." The memsahib was very small, had dark hair and blue eyes. Her clothes were all white. The children immediately christened her " the White Lady." The children sat quietly staring while she talked to the master and looked over the note-books. When she called on them to read, little hearts were all aflutter under the coats and sarees.

Then she came to where Kodumi and Bogi were sitting. Kodumi, with a sudden feeling that she wasn't afraid, smiled up at her, and the White Lady smiled back. Kodumi lost all her nervousness, and she could tell by the look on the master's face that he thought she had read well. Bogi too read. Then the White Lady asked them questions about their lessons, where they lived, and about their folks.

Before she left the White Lady invited the boys and girls and all their folks to come to the tent that evening for she would show big beautiful pictures, and the babu she had with her would tell some wonderful stories. She asked

Kodumi and Bogi to come a little early as she had something very special to tell them.

The event was considered important enough to warrant a half-holiday in the little school. The children raced home eagerly to tell the news and then came back to watch the proceedings around the little white tent.

That evening Kodumi and Bogi, half afraid and half eager, came to the door of the tent and looked in. The White Lady was seated at a table, writing. When she became aware of the girls' presence, she asked them to come in. She was writing letters, she said. The girls wondered where her ink came from, for she did not dip her pen into any bottle that they could see. The White Lady explained to them that the ink was on the inside of the pen, the pen being hollow. They watched her funny writing flowing across the page. The White Lady told them she was writing in English, which is their king's language. "I am writing to Nowgong where I live. We have a big school for girls there. Sit down on the mat while I tell you about it." As she told of life in that school, of the good times the girls had, the wonderful things they learned, and

the work the girls who had been there had been able to do afterwards, the eyes of the little girls grew bigger and bigger. Then said Kodumi, *Moi jam,* which was her way of saying, "I am going there." Bogi expressed the same sentiments by vigorously nodding her head.

Then the White Lady told them of the millions of boys and girls in India who had no schools and no teachers. She told how anxious Government was to get teachers, and the good pay and social standing teachers had. "In Nowgong we are training Indian girls to become teachers. When you finish the work of the school here," she said, "I want you both to come to Nowgong to take lessons in the art of teaching. I will help you get the Government scholarships to pay your expenses. When you finish, you will be given schools of your own to teach. How would you like that?" The girls' eyes fairly shone. They said they would try hard to pass the examinations and would never forget what the White Lady had said. She promised to visit their homes the next morning to talk over the proposition with their folks. A girl in India never decides anything for herself.

All that evening they sat close to the White Lady, as they watched the wonderful colored pictures the native preacher flashed on the sheet. They were very attentive as the story of the Christ was unfolded, and when the picture of the cross was shown all the villagers said, *Ai-yo! ai-yo!* which is their expression of grief. But when they saw Him risen again they were quiet for very wonder.

The next day the White Lady had a fine time in the homes of the two girls. Neither Kodumi nor Bogi went to school. The women were charmed with the White Lady, for she was so kind and did not mind answering their many questions. They learned a great deal about white folks and their ways that day. The lady even took down her hair and let them see how she did it up. The fathers did not say much when she talked about sending their daughters to the mission school at Nowgong, but they were obviously pleased to learn that she considered their little daughters clever.

That afternoon the tent, the servants, and the White Lady took their leave. She promised to come back soon. But three years passed before

she could keep her promise. She had been ill, and the doctors had sent her to her own country to get well.

But Kodumi and Bogi never forgot that talk in the tent. Sometimes they had to plead and plead to be allowed to keep on with their studies, and once there was talk of Kodumi's marriage. But God was helping Kodumi and Bogi and, somehow, the years slipped by until they were ready to finish the seventh standard in the little school.

One day, just before the examinations, the White Lady came back to the village. She had come on purpose to see Kodumi and Bogi. They were both grown handsome, tall and slim. She hardly knew them. That night she asked their fathers if she might write to the Government for scholarships for the girls to take teacher-training. Kodumi's father consented. He was a kindly man. He said: "I do not know what the neighbors will say. Already they make fun of her because she is so big and still unmarried." Then he added, "I don't think a year in your school will hurt her, and if you will be so kind as to furnish her expenses I am willing to send her in."

But Bogi's father said: "No. We will see how Kodumi turns out before we send you away for such a course." Bogi's tears and entreaties were of no avail. But the White Lady said she was sure that he would change his mind about it another year.

When the fall term opened Kodumi and her father walked the long dusty miles into Nowgong and appeared one morning at the Mission. Kodumi looked very nice in her new pink jacket, white saree, and jewels. The White Lady herself was there and welcomed them. She showed the father all over the place, "As if," he said, "I were a man of great importance instead of an ignorant villager." He saw how well the girls were taken care of, that Kodumi could not possibly lose her caste with a separate cook-house to prepare her meals in. He was impressed with the pretty compound and the neat buildings, palatial in his eyes. He saw the girls at work. Some were weaving, some cooking, and some making their own clothes. They took care of their own gardens and house. They would not be spoiled by too much idleness. He heard them singing and laughing. He went back to the vil-

lage, very much pleased with all he had seen, but not realizing the embarrassments that faced him.

For while he had been gone, some of the village folks got to talking. They were afraid that the gods would send them misfortune for letting Kodumi go away to the school of the Christians. The Hindu gods are jealous gods. When Kodumi's father came back they begged him to return and bring her home. He told them in glowing terms about the school and said that he was not afraid to leave his daughter there. They were very angry and said he thought his own worthless girl of more account than the prosperity of a whole village. They said he must never again eat with them. They refused to let him buy in the bazaar. When any one was ill or had met with an accident they blamed him for it, each treating him more and more unkindly. Finally he felt he could stand it no longer. It was hard to have to go to the next village to buy and sell. So he started out toward Nowgong, walking the fifteen hot miles to bring Kodumi home. But he returned to the village alone. When he saw his daughter happy in her work, successfully pursuing her studies, he had

not the heart to take her away. The White Lady, too, was reassuring and told him that if he could stick it out he would not be sorry. The villagers would see that he had been right. Three times he came for Kodumi, and three times he went back alone.

The weeks passed and spring came again. The master of the village school suddenly took it into his head to move away. They could not find any one to take his place, so they closed the little school. When the Deputy Inspector of Schools came around he was displeased because that they had closed it. They told him there were no teachers to be had. He suggested that they send for Kodumi. She was one of the best in the teacher-training class. She was their own girl. But the folks were stubborn. They had never had a woman teacher and were sure that a woman could never, no matter how clever, teach a school as well as a man. But the Deputy Inspector kept saying such nice things about Kodumi that finally they decided to give her a trial, though they were sure she would fail.

When Kodumi heard of the arrangement she was disappointed. She had been so happy in

Nowgong that she wanted to stay another year. She had learned much, but there was so much more to learn. It would not be pleasant to teach at home with all the folks against her. But the White Lady told her it was her duty, reminding her of the need of the children there and her obligation to share the good things that had come into her life. God would honor her, and perhaps the way would open for her to return later. Faithfulness to duty was the way of blessing. So she became mistress of her own village school, walking daily the two miles that lay between her home and the school. She was a good teacher and succeeded in keeping even the big boys content and out of mischief. Her advanced methods proved more successful than those used by the former master, and the Inspector was loud in his praises. The villagers gazed in wonder at Kodumi. They were interested in the songs she knew and the stories. The women copied her jackets, and she taught some of them to sew and crochet. She was so dainty and clean and superior to the village girls, though she did not act a bit proud. Bogi's father, observing, decided it would be well for Bogi to take the same train-

Kodumi

ing, so she was enrolled the next fall in the training-class.

One afternoon when Kodumi reached home she found her mother very ill. She grew worse during the night. The next day they knew she was dying. She passed away that morning, leaving a tiny baby brother for Kodumi to take care of. Kodumi had to give up her teaching. It proved as hard as it had been to undertake it in the first place. She had just revelled in her work.

But now she must take care of her baby brother and her old father. Duty was leading her into hard paths. A year passed by, Kodumi was often back in Nowgong in her thoughts. She wished so ardently that she might return, but now the door seemed closed indefinitely. She missed Bogi dreadfully, though her letters were always full of news from her beloved school.

One morning Kodumi was sweeping her door-yard with the little bamboo broom. She heard a step and looking up, there stood the White Lady smiling at her. She had come to see how things were going with Kodumi. She expressed her pleasure at the neat house, the happy, contented baby brother, and the good curry Kodumi pre-

pared for her. Then she told her that she had come on a very special errand. She had opened a Bible school to train older women to become teachers of the Bible in the homes. They would also be taught sewing and reading. But most of them needed help with their lessons, some of them could not read, having never been to school. She was much in need of an assistant. Also many of the men of the town were asking her to send some one to teach their women to sew and read. Would Kodumi like to do that work?

Kodumi was delighted. Suddenly the difficulties were being rolled out of the way. It did not take her long to plan. Her father would soon marry again; until then he could stay at the sister-in-law's home. She would take the baby with her. When he grew old enough he would then have the chance to go to the mission kindergarten.

So it was all arranged. When you come to visit Judy she will introduce you to Kodumi, for she is now in Nowgong. She will tell you herself how happy she is in her work. She is a Christian at heart—that we cannot doubt—and some of these days she will openly confess him.

In India every day white missionary ladies are finding scores of such worth-while girls as Kodumi, eager to learn, eager to serve, eager to take advantage of every opportunity.

XVI

OLD DADDY'S GIFT

Under the big tree in the bazaar on a hot Sunday afternoon in August sat a holy man. He belonged to that community, numbering in the millions, who believe that the path to heaven lies in self-denial and self-torture. One sees men of this type everywhere in India. Some of them lie on beds of spikes, some bury themselves up to the neck in sand, some suspend themselves from trees by the feet over smoldering fires, and some sit with arms outstretched above the head—they cannot get them down, they have held them in that position so long that they have withered away. Still others measure their lengths along the great dusty highways between shrines, hoping in a lifetime to have thus made the pilgrimages to seven of the most famous ones. All this they do, and more, to please the gods, and with the hope that in the end when the books are opened there may be something to their credit in the ledger.

Many of the holy men are humbugs, living on the credulity of the people. Sometimes of a morning one may see a holy man sitting by the great highway, absolutely unconscious of the turbulent tides of life about him. The village people who have come to see him with their offerings of rice and fruit, say to one another: "Oh, how holy he must be! See, he isn't here. His spirit is communing with the gods. Let's sit down and wait until he comes back." Poor things, they don't know that that morning he drugged himself to appear to be in a trance. Thus do these fakers prey upon the simple-mindedness of the common folks.

Sometimes one sees these holy men on the march across the burning plains or along the great highways. They are often stark naked, their bodies smeared with ashes, and their faces grotesque with the marks of their caste. Because it is considered a luxury to bathe and comb your hair, they don't indulge. Their hair grows long, matted, snarled, and dirty. They don't know what to do with it, so they twist it up into a knot and fasten it on the top of their heads with a thorn. They are ignorant and superstitious,

usually illiterate and immoral. But they are the religious teachers of India's millions. The ordinary man cannot afford to consult the high-priced Brahmin priests in the temples very often.

But among them are also a number who are really and truly seeking God. They are sincere in their practises and do try to help the people as they have light. The holy man under the tree in the big market-place that Sunday afternoon was one of these. He and his wife, who also practised asceticism, had come from Nepal in the north in company with others, to visit Mt. Kamakhya just outside the town of Gauhati. They had decided to tarry a while. He built himself a shack in the bazaar, and she lived farther up in the town. There had not been a holy man in that region for some time. The villagers came from miles around to see him. The village women begged for a little of the ash off his body, and later when they heard that cholera had broken out in the neighboring village, they put this precious bit of ash in a bag and tied it around their baby's neck for a charm against the cholera demon.

On this particular afternoon the station mis-

sionary and some of the Christians went down to the market-place to hold a service. It was exceedingly hot. The bazaar was unusually crowded and noisy. The missionary wondered for a moment if it were worth the effort to try to preach amid the noise and confusion. But the native Christians began to sing, those wonderful Indian lyrics to which Christian words have been set. Soon the crowd grew quieter, and the missionary was able to speak. The crowd around the holy man became interested. Then, one by one, they went over to where the white man was speaking. Before long the holy man found himself all alone under the big peepul tree. And he, too, began to listen. And so it came about that for the first time in his life he heard of the Son of God who came to our world for the express purpose of revealing to men the God whom he had been seeking all these years. A little seed dropped into his heart; it took root and grew.

That night, when the bazaar was deserted and all the lights in the village were out, he found his way up the street to the home of the Christian pastor. They began to talk of the thing he had heard that afternoon. They talked all that night.

He came again and again, until one evening, he straightened up, and said: "Thank God! my quest is ended. From this time forth I propose to follow Jesus Christ."

When a Hindu makes that statement he at once places himself in a position to receive all sorts of persecution. The missionary well knew the storm that would break over his head when the Hindu community found out the step he had taken. He was anxious to shorten the period between his confession and baptism, for when a Hindu receives Christian baptism the non-Christians feel they have lost him and cease their efforts. When the missionary broached him on the subject, being sure that he was genuinely converted, the holy man replied: "Not now, sahib, I want to wait until my wife, too, becomes a Christian."

Herein is a whole commentary on the difference between Hinduism and Christianity. The Hindu never thinks of any one else. His life is spent in a mad, frantic effort to save his own little soul. This accounts for the conditions in India. The children grow up wild and ignorant, the villages are unsanitary, the people are

A Typical Holy Man

poor, the land is ravaged by epidemic after epidemic, the country is slipping backward in the race of the nations, because the people are so busy with their religious duties and ceremonies that they have not time to care. But just as soon as Jesus Christ touches a life out there he at once begins to think of some one else.

Oh, how angry his wife was when she found out that he had joined the despised Christians. She was beside herself with rage. She did all she could to make life hard for him. It is the woman of India who is today clinging to the idols. One cannot blame her. It is all she has. Married at an early age, the walls of the zenana close in around her, and her horizon narrows down to the limits of the bamboo fence around her courtyard. She cannot read: if she could, there are no books and magazines available. She never gets out to hear the new things that are affecting the thinking of the men-folks these days. Her husband never sits down beside her and tells her anything. All she has to comfort her are the little household gods on the shelf above her cooking-place. She is not supposed to have even these, for the holy books pronounce woman too vile and

unfit for worship. But man is often better than his creed. He humors her and says: "Oh, let her have a few little images. They won't hurt her any." So we find them clinging to the idols with all the tenacity of their womanly natures. Many an educated man these days acknowledges the superiority of Christianity, but when asked why he does not follow his convictions he answers that his women-folk would make life so miserable for him that he couldn't stand it.

The day came, though, when she let the Bible-women in, and listened to the message. Then, one day she said she too would follow Jesus Christ. And she said: "The first thing that impressed me about Christianity was the change it has made in my husband. When we were fakirs on the road there were days he never spoke to me. He did not care whether I had food or shelter. But now he loves me, is anxious about my welfare and about my salvation. Krishna never did anything like that." She brought her idols to the missionary's wife, saying: "Here, take these idols. I am afraid that I shall be tempted to worship them if I leave them in my house. I am so weak, and I know so little!"

They were baptized and became members of the church. Ever since they have been soul-winners. Night after night they go to the surrounding villages, sit down around the fire in the courtyard with the simple village folks, and it isn't long before they are telling the old story in the inimitable Oriental way. It is not unusual of a Sunday morning to see him come to church with a big, rough, burly villager, while she will lead in his wife, a timid, shrinking little Indian woman, who for the first time in her life has come into a public gathering where there are men present. She is so shy that she pulls her saree over her face, and can scarcely find her way to her seat in her embarrassment.

The holy man and his wife are old folks now. He is very bow-legged and bent over. He is shaggy, and not very clean, though heaps cleaner than he used to be. He wears his turban crookedly, and his spectacles have a way of sliding over his nose. He is very deaf. To see him you would not think him at all remarkable. His wife is old, and so rheumatic that she cannot always attend church. They have a little bamboo and mud-plastered house on the outskirts of

the Christian community, with an earthen floor and a raggedy thatch roof. Inside there is nothing but a few pots and pans, a bamboo bed, some mats, and perhaps a blanket or two. They have a pitiful little patch of a garden in back. Also a cow, housed in a rickety shed adjoining their own dwelling. Besides, the old man receives a dollar and a half a month for ringing the church-bell and taking care of the yard.

One afternoon the old man came in from his marketing. His face was all aglow. His wife was preparing supper.

"Wife," said he, "I have been thinking how rich we are since we became Christians. I've been thinking especially of the friends we have. Why, every little child in the whole community calls me 'Old Daddy.'" (That is a term of affection in India. Judy calls him that, too. She has never heard his other name.)

"I don't think you and I need to worry about becoming old, mother, for when we get so we cannot help ourselves our friends will look out for us." They had no children of their own. And then more softly he said: "Have you ever stopped to think how wonderful it is that

the *sahiblok* [white folks] have come all the way from their own country to live with us and be our friends! I shall never forget how, after we were baptized, and you had those awful running sores on your legs, the memsahib came over here every morning and every night and put the sulphur salve on them with her little white hand until they were healed. And, only last cold season, the doctor sahib came down from Jorhat, twenty-six miles, to take care of me when I was ill. Oh, I tell you, mother, it's great to have friends like that."

"Yes," said she. "I remember one day when you and I were fakirs, on the road to Benares, how you became suddenly very ill with fever. You fell down by the roadside in a heap because you couldn't go on any farther. I tried to lift you, but you were too heavy for me. I begged the other people on the road to lend a hand so I could get you to some kind of shelter, but they would not. They were afraid that you had an evil spirit. So you had to lie there on the roadside all night. I'll never forget how dark that night was. There wasn't even a star! And my heart was darker still, for I thought you would

die before morning. Wasn't God good to let you live until you could find him?"

Then she continued: "Why, Daddy, talking about friends. There isn't any friend like our heavenly Father. Isn't it wonderful to know that God answers us when we pray. In those old days, when I prayed before the gods in the temples, my mind was so dark, and my heart so heavy. I felt that they did not hear. They did not care about us. And often I wondered what was the use of trying to please them. They didn't take notice of all our strivings. But now we know the true God, and are sure that he listens when we speak with him. Yes, Daddy, we are truly very rich."

"Mother," said he, "I wish we could give the Lord a great big gift, something that would cost us a great deal, to show how much we appreciate all he has done for us."

"So would I," answered she. "But, Daddy, we haven't anything!"

Silence fell between them as they sat by their fire. Then suddenly the old woman had an inspiration. "Daddy, let's give the Lord our new calf."

They knelt down on either side of their fire and consecrated a three-days old calf to the Lord.

That was before Judy knew the old couple. In those first days in that station she used to see the old man skirting along the hedgerows and through the jungle back of the compound with a big basket on his head. Every now and then he would stoop, pick up something, and put it in his basket. Judy wondered what he was doing. She thought at first that perhaps he was gathering roots and herbs to eke out the vegetables in their curry. Then they told her that he had been doing that for a long time, scouring the country side every morning in search of nice, sweet grass with which to feed the Lord's calf. Ordinary grass wasn't good enough!

A little later there was a business meeting in the little white church. As the moderator was about to close the old man shuffled down the aisle and asked permission to speak. Then he told them the story very simply. Fumbling with the cloth over his shoulders he took from the corner of it a handful of silver, and placed it on the table in front of the pulpit. Eighteen brand new, shining silver rupees. In Judy's eyes were

tears as she saw the offering. Just the week before she had visited the little house and noted how ragged the old woman's jacket was. Old Daddy needed new shoes, and she knew positively there was need of new blankets in that little bamboo house.

But as Old Daddy laid his gift down the tears streamed down his face, and he said, "I am so disappointed in the gift I am bringing. It is so small. I took good care of that young cow all these three years, and she was good to look at. I hoped they would give me a good price for her in the market yesterday, but all they would give me was eighteen rupees. I tried hard to get even twenty-five." And his voice shook with sobs. Then his face brightened, "But I know that God is not like the gods of the heathen. He knows how much I love him, and will make good wherein I have fallen short."

And Judy suddenly realized that anything she had ever given her Lord had never cost her very much. He gave as much as he earned in four months, for his gift amounted to six dollars in American money. She had given out of the abundance of her life. He loved his Master

" Old Daddy " and His Wife

more than she. She thought of the glorified expression on his face when at Christmastime he had recited from memory all the golden texts of the year preceding, of his devotion in leading others to Christ, of his simplicity of faith and his sincerity of life, and of the efforts of the old woman in boosting the new school. She went back to her bungalow and rededicated herself.

That is what Jesus Christ is always doing in India, with folks who are bound and in the dark. He sets them free, and shows them a glimpse of his face. Then they go forward glad of heart in his service. The kingdom of God is coming faster than any dared hope, India's Christians are bringing it in by their praying, praising, and living. And today there are great streaks of gold on India's landscape, where Jesus Christ, the great master artist, has touched lives and transformed communities. The Christians are wielding the gospel brush, hands like yours and mine, and by a divine alchemy God transmutes our small gifts, our small love, and our small service, into the golden pigment that is brightening the landscape of every dark country in the world.

GLOSSARY

GLOSSARY

Admi hai? "Is there anyone here?" (Hindustani.)
Ayah, a term used for the Indian woman who cares for European children.
Babu, an educated Indian man.
Baksheesh, tip or reward, usually in money.
Basha, a grass house, usually used temporarily.
Bearer, the general house servant.
Betel, a nut chewed by the natives.
B. M. T. S., Baptist Missionary Training School of Chicago, Ill.
Chota hazri, the light meal partaken upon arising, "small breakfast."
Chokidar, caretaker, or janitor.
Coolie, a common laborer, usually of low caste.
Coolie monta, "A coolie is wanted." (Hindustani.)
Dak, mail.
Dak-bungalow, a government rest-house.
Dakwallah, mail-carrier.
Darzi, or dhersey, native tailor.
Dhoby, native laundryman.
Dow, a general utility knife with a curved blade.
Durga, another name for the goddess Kali, worshiped in Eastern India.
Fez, the round hat worn by Mohammedans.
Gharry, a vehicle of any kind.
Gharrywallah, one who drives a "gharry."

Goswallah, meat-carrier.
Hazri, breakfast.
Hookah, the long-stemmed pipe used by the natives.
Hori bol! "Say Hori"; Hori is another name for Kali.
Hostel, sleeping- or rooming-quarters.
Hussur! "Your Honor," an address of respect used by servants.
Jellabies, an Indian confection boiled in white syrup.
Mali, the gardener.
Memo, a memorandum.
Memsahib, a married European woman.
Missahib, an unmarried European woman.
Mosque, the Mohammedan place of worship.
Mulavi, the Mohammedan priest.
Namghor, "House of the Name," a type of temple, usually of bamboo.
Palkey, a conveyance carried by two men; used for transporting high-caste women, and heavily curtained.
Pandit, a teacher.
Panne, the Indian word for water.
Pannewallah, the water-carrier.
Peon, messenger or errand-boy.
Poojah, Hindu worship.
Pugree, the turban worn by Indian men.
Punkah, the swinging fan in the ceiling, made of two thicknesses of matting, and suspended from a beam; it is pulled back and forth by ropes.
Purdah, the Indian word for curtain; also used in speaking of the custom of secluding women.

Sahib, a white man.
Sahiblok, white folks in general.
Salaam, the usual greeting in India.
Saree, the cloth worn by Indian women.
Seer, a standard weight; in avoirdupois measure it is equal to two pounds; in liquid it approximates one quart.
Shastra, the holy books of the Hindus.
Syce, groom.
Tank, the reservoir for water.
Tiffin, luncheon.
Tika gharry, a four-wheeled, covered wagon.
Tomasha, an Indian word that expresses extreme hilarity or excitement.
Tomtom, drums used in Hindu worship or ceremony.
Topee, pith hat worn by Europeans in India as a protection from the sun.
W. A. B. F. M. S., Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.
Zenana, the women's quarters in an Indian home.

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